THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEXTON BARD.

Hark!—while the twilight mists are stirring
To light you gentle evening star,
A happy wild note of the air
Rolls o'er the solemn solitude.
How sweet thy plaintive notes is hear,
Fitted unheard for the loving ear!
And feel their wild yet soul'ring thrill—
Sing, sing, O Whippoorwill!

The kindred throng in every plight,
Have sought a respite for the night,
And left their 'wearie sorrows to chase
To cheer the chirping Katydid.
Sing on! for you indeed are blest,
In sense half bird-like, half divine,
While mortals, mouldy, dim and dull,
Remind us rather, "Whippoorwill!"

I was yonder copse, or hazel bough,
Whence first thy happier accent broke,
In childhood with unreputed air,
I heard thy warblings, sweet and clear.
Thy words and thoughts were mystery!
A source of wondrous mystery!
And oft with accents dull and shrill,
I sought to rival "Whippoorwill."

That plaintive voice is still the same
Which then at silent evening came
From out the neighboring woodland throng
To charm with its primitive song.
But widely changed is all around
Of that fair delightful haunted ground.
And sadly o'er me falls the thrill
Of thy wild wind, Whippoorwill.

There are vantage links in memory's chain,
That firmly fix across the brain.
And rise in all their power sublime
At some unexpected time.
Dear, dreamy pleasures whose brief dawn
Proclaim ex age of glorious morn!
And such I now feel through me thrill,
Wafted up by thee, low Whippoorwill.

The music of thy magic wind,
Has touched the bosom's inmost chords,
Whose elegiac vibrations send
With all that youth once owned to me,
And such now as I sit musing here
Calls up in trembling echoes there,
Bright hopes, the future's dearest to fill
With happy visions of "Whippoorwill!"

What "*Whip-poor-will*"—say rather being
Once, while but fancied on my knee
Let's build a palace where live song
May be coherent the whole day long.
That every heart may there discover
To him the palm of mimicry—
For such I call him under cover
With voice emphatic "*Whip poor will!*"

But is 'tis—o'er gloomy Oakland's bow
The crescent with a dreadful ray,
And I from thy enchanting lay
Reluctantly must steal away.
With glowing gratitude my heart
Rejoin out for thee, ere that we part,
And the dear-ones dearer still
A fond good night, sweet Whippoorwill!

Original Tales.

TROUBLES OF A Physician's Wife.

[Transcribed for the Saturday Evening Post from the Journal of the wife of a Western Physician.]

AUGUST 14, 18—.

Well, I have had my patience tried this day. I thought this morning that I would get a large washing done to-day, and as I have only one small help, I generally take a pretty active part myself. My husband started off early on a long ride, as now thanks I, what a fine day I shall have to get along with my work—how pleasant to prepare nothing to interrupt me; so to work I went in good earnest, collected my clothes, heated a kettle of water, put on my very worst old wrapper, and had just got my hands in the suds, when Dolly (who is always looking out at the window) cried out that a gentleman coming to me with her eyes so big as saucers, saying,

"Oh, Mrs. Beggs, there's the finest carriage at the gate, and genteel lady in it, and the nicest gen'leman a-knocking at the door."

Pity me, ye housekeepers! what was I to do? I must receive them just as I was. Dolly invited them in, while I looked through the window to see if I could make out who they were. The lady's dress was very handsome, and the gentleman helping the tiniest baby close in her arms as if afraid to trust it to a nurse-maid's hands. Presently they came in, and introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. S——, from a neighboring town. They had heard Doctor Beggs well spoken of, and had brought their baby (the first of course) to have him look at its tongue—they feared it was slightly tongue-tied, "poor little darling." I thought then the Doctor would probably be gone all day.

"Well," said the lady, deliberately taking off her things, "I guess we will stay and see the doctor, as we would rather ride home after night than miss having him see the baby."

What a prospect for me! What should I get for dinner was my first thought, and, my poor washing, I was my next—I must all be put by for the day. So I excused myself for a moment, and went into the kitchen, lifted off my large kettle of boiling water, my poor suds, and my dear Dolly and to beg, beg or borrow some butter, instead of some biscuit, washed my hands and brushed my hair, changed my dress, rubbed into the parlor with a smiling face and commenced talking baby-talk to the little darling. Oh, what a long, long day it was to me. That young mother engrossed my most indigent attention concerning which I ever met with, and I was obliged to keep up a conversation with her for hours. Her husband smiling, and never spoke except to the baby. It was near night when the Doctor returned, and on examining the child's tongue he found there was nothing to be done about it. So after eating their supper with us they left, without even so much as thanking us for our trouble. I am worse tired than if I had done my large washing.

AUGUST 17th.

I have just returned from a long ride with my husband, and have been much excited with the various pleasures we have had. The first time we called at was a new little cabin built in the middle of a large prairie with no other house in sight, and a few acres cleared around it, with a small field of corn and pumpkins. As we drew up to the door a whole troop of half naked, white headed children ran in every direction. A pale sickly looking woman was sitting at the door churning, she seemed much pleased to see the Doctor, invited us in, and placed us in a rough wooden stool to sit down upon, and said,

"Why, Doctor, is that Mrs. Beggs? I thought you didn't seem to fetch your old woman out to see us. You see, ma'am," turning to me, "the Doctor's always come to see us, and I know he don't brush you long, but I reckoned you was too genteel to visit your folks."

"How is Andrew?" said the Doctor.

"Oh, he's right smart."

"Does his head begin to heal?"

"Oh yes, a heap."

"Where is he?"

"Well, I reckon the little urchin has gone and hid himself. I'll call him."

So running out to the door she blew such shrill screams that her head, she set up such a scream of "Andrew, A'n'adrew Jackson, I say, come right straight here and let the Doctor fix your hand."

After the Colonel had no notice of it, until he was dragged in by two of the larger boys, and then what a looking object he was. His scant worn garments were held up to the elbows, and his head was much lighter colored than his face.

"Mighty sakes!" said his mother, "you're the dirtiest lad. Fetch me that chip of old the churn, Malisy-Ann, 'till I wash off his hand."

After some struggling the hand was cleaned, so that the Doctor could dress the wound, and while he was engaged with it, the woman endeavored to entertain me.

"Won't you take off your things and stay and take some tea with us," said she.

"No, I thank you: the Doctor has not time to wait, he has several patients to visit yet."

"Well, won't you eat a piece of pie? Doctor Beggs said you was mighty fond of spund pie."

I dared not refuse after that.

"I have got some first rate. Betsy Jane bind me a knife, why I don't know where it's got to, I'm sure."

And Betsy Jane did wipe it on the same towel that had already done more than its duty—the same that had been round the churn, and round the wash of Andrew's sore hand. The pie was cut and handed to me, and there I sat holding it, wondering how I should get rid of it. I put it near my lips two or three times, but the very thoughts of biting it made me shudder. I really thought the Doctor would never have done with that hand. However all things must have an end and we had good-bye to the really kind woman, and I sprang into the buggy still holding the horrible piece of pie in my hand. I carried it until we were out of sight of the cabin, and then threw it "dead for Indians."

We next called on an old woman who said she had an "awful agercake," and wanted to know if I would not help it groan. I never went night with new hog's lard. The Doctor left her some visit-medicine, and while he was putting up some medicine for her, I trembled lest she should offer me some pie? I wish my husband would not tell people that I am fond of pie.

SEPTEMBER 3d.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness." Yes, anywhere or anything, that the complaints of those poor shivering ague patients "might never reach me more." I am but half recovered from a spell (as they call it here) of it myself, and I can sympathize with any poor soul that ever had a shake. No one, while he has a head on any part of his body, can form an idea of the distress occasioned by this disease. Whole families are stricken down at once, and although not often fatal in its effects, still it destroys all energy both of body and mind, and one feels at the time as if all comfort and happiness had left them forever. And then some words will call to sympathy from the old settlers. If you utter the most complaint in their presence, they will laugh, and say, "Why didn't you expect to have the ague when you came here?" or, "Oh you will soon get used to it." Used to it, indeed.

SEPTEMBER 6th.

What a horrible night! I have scarcely for believe people like best to come for the Doctor during the night, it has been nothing but rap, rap, at our door, every night for a week past, that I have no chance for sleep in this house; and last night in particular—I really had my nerves tried. The Doctor was called out after dark, and did not expect to return until near morning. I felt lonely, sick, and nervous—several persons called before ten o'clock, for medicine and advice. I got through as I seemed quiet, and I was about to retire, when Dolly, who had brought her bed into my room that I might not be alone, began to groan with a chill. Then I was obliged to go out into the kitchen, build up a fire, make some tea, and some more, in order to try and get her warmed up. I was just in that sweet state that I know many have been in, the moment they are startled at, when I heard footsteps in my own shadow, or the sound of my own feet-step. I dared not look behind me as I hurried from the kitchen door to chamber. When, hark! another knock—I went trembling to the door, and found a neighbor's boy standing there in tears. His father had taken a violent chill, and they thought he could not possibly live till morning. I promised to and the Doctor as soon as he returned, and once more entered my bed-room. Dolly seemed quite comfortable and inclined to sleep: so after looking all the doors and fastening all the windows, I tried to compose myself to slumber, but the room was so close, and the heat so oppressive I could not rest. I arose and opened the window, when the moon was shining bright—the mosquitoes came around me in swarms; still I sat there for some time hoping to get a breath of fresh air, but I found I could not rest, he heard in the village. The longer I sat there the more lonely I felt—so leaving the window open, I again lay down, and was just sinking into a doze, when the most piercing scream caused me to spring to my feet; and there, at that open window, leaning half over the sill, stood a female figure dressed "all in white," uttering scream after scream. Shall I ever forget my feelings at that moment? My first idea was that the screaming must be intended for me, and I was about to faint, when I thought the words, "Oh, Mrs. Beggs, has the Doctor got home?" my husband is dying, dying! and nobody can save him! Oh, tell me where I can find a Doctor."

"Oh, Mrs. Beggs, has the Doctor got home?" my husband is dying, dying! and nobody can save him! Oh, tell me where I can find a Doctor."

I knew the voice, and recognized her voice, it was Mrs. T——, the wife of the man who had been taken that night with a congestive chill.

"Why, Mrs. T——, what brought you here alone, at this time of night?"

"Oh, for husband, my poor husband—he will surely die."

But why did not some one else come for the Doctor? said I.

"Oh, they said he was not at home—but I was determined to have her certain—no one knows I am here, they think me in bed, but how could I sleep! Oh, Mrs. Beggs, let us flying—they are robbing him to keep him alive—he is quite cold."

And the poor woman shivered as she spoke—she had slipped out in her night clothes, and with no bonnet or shawl, and the night air and the dew must have been perfectly wet. I handed her a shawl and a pair of overshoes, and crazed the half frantic woman to leave me. I told her that I thought it was certainly he home soon, which proved true—and I did not even wait him to stay with us until day-light, but roused him out of his sick bed. By good fortune he was not too late—the man's life was saved, and his poor wife was happy: but the Doctor says there were great stones for the tears of my white-robed visitor.

SEPTEMBER 9th.

Worse, and worse—there is now scarcely a well person in town. The Doctor is thoroughly worn out—and if on feel sure to badly, it is no use to complain, for the Doctor has no time to attend to one unless they be dying. I was startled last night almost midnight by the sound of a riding-whip against my window. I listened a moment without answering, when the window was thrown up, and the rough head of a man was thrust in without ceremony.

"I say, brither, sic you all asleep?"

"What's wanting?" said I.

"The Doctor, is he to home?"

"No, sir."

"Thunder and stars! he never is to home when I want him."

"I am sorry, sir—but he will be here by morning."

"Morning!" why my woman will be dead before that time—she's got the cramp most awfully."

"Perhaps I can give you something that will relieve her, until the Doctor can visit her."

"Yes," said my rough visitor, "and how would I know but it was piss? No, no, you don't catch this child a taken none of your stuff to burn."

"Shall I tell the Doctor you wish to see him, when he comes?"

"No sir—I'll have a Doctor to-night, if I ride to Philadelfy for him."

And away he went, leaving the window wide open. Surely I am getting "used to it"—for the next moment I was sleeping soundly, only to be again disturbed. Who, who would be the wife of a country Doctor!

Original Poem.

FUNERAL SHADOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. H. CRAKE.

Brother, friend of him who left
Here, so cold and low,
Listen to a voice that cries
Wearily and slow—
Oh! the long dark night of sorrow,
Dreary hours of pain,
Oh! the wished for, hopeless morrow,
When the grief so rent our borrow,
Kosher up again.

Silent, lonely and deserted
As the vacant bank,
In the halls were life departed,
As in pall of gloom,
How the silvery moonbeams quiver
On that ghostlike face,
Like a fearful dream bend river,—
Till our spirits shrink, and shiver
O'er such silent trace.

Oh! how worthless wealth and beauty,
Oh, how paltry fame,
When a stern and lofty duty,
Rows the soul of frame!
Stop, oh brother, with the weeper,
Rest thy hour will come—
When the shades grow slowly deeper,
How thy proud head o'er the sleeper,
Think then of the tomb!

God forgive! my heart is bursting
With wild thoughts—Forgive!
For the soul's wild burning, thirsting;—
Give it strength to live.
And, when shadows o'er me stealing,
Pour me to the dust,
Let no dark despairing feeling,
O'er the sickening brain come reeling
But, while death my face is sealing,
God! be then my trust!

An English Story.

SAMPSON HOOKS, AND HIS Man Joe Ling.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

As soon as the widow looked up, and with a heavy sigh, and tears that began to gush forth in earnest, attempted to rise, Sampson Hooks said in a flurried way—

"There is some mistake, good woman; there has been some great strength in the case somewhere; you have come to a wrong place, or have brought a wrong paper. Compose yourself, and tell me what you want. Your home, and the house you have not another paper somewhere."

"Oh no, no! the Lord above knows!" exclaimed the poor woman, wringing her hands in her agony, wetting it through and through with her tears and trembling every part. "The Lord above knows I have no other paper than this! This is my little all—my all in this world; it is the saving of a life. Oh, sir, sir! don't kill me with right! You know me—you know the paper—you have paid me the interest these years! See, it's all written on the back! Mrs. Ling's own hand! Oh, worthy, worthy sir, do take pity on me!"

"But what!—but why!—there is no name, I tell you!" said Mr. Hooks.

"Oh, the same was there when I was here only a few days ago! The good lady have saw it, and she knows that she did read your name aloud, and said, 'Yes, that's my dear Sampson's own name, sure enough.'"

"Yes, you wicked woman! Oh, you false tongue, you! Oh, how dare you say such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Sampson Hooks, in a loud voice. "How dare you say that my dear Sampson's name! Woman, I say, how dare you utter such a falsehood before God!"

"Before God and man I dare utter it!" now cried the poor woman, who seemed at once to recover her strength, to lose her trembling, and to stand a head taller, and looked no longer the same, but a woman in the prime of life, and with a figure and form full of fire. And in the change which in dignation can make sometimes in the weakest and most timid creature.

"I tell you!" she exclaimed, advancing to Mrs. Hooks, "I tell you, woman—for I have as much right to swear you as you have to swear me!—I tell you that there's *penalty* here, and I've a no-

* Deception.

tion, madam, it's your doing, too. Didn't you read the name? Didn't you say it was your own dear Sampson's name, and that it always did you good to see it? Deny it if you dare! And so, master," said she, turning passionately to Sampson Hooks, "you pay me, you say, without more ado, or the pond upon it, worse will come of it. Pay me, I say, or I'll blow you for all to the world, and make mince meat from here all the way to London! Pay me, sir——"

"Softly, softly, good woman," now said Mr. Sampson Hooks, in his blandest and yet most commanding tone. "Let me advise you to moderate yourself. You are not only all compelled to say, but you are sure that this is the paper that you have here but a few days ago, and that my name then stood on it; but some unaccountable circumstance can it have been removed? Have you no person at home who can have done this?"

"No, I have not, sir; there is not a soul who can have come into my chamber where I keep the safe. No, no!"

"Then can it have been a rat, or a mouse, or a moth?"

"A rat! a mouse! a moth!" cried the enraged woman. "See there! does a rat, a mouse, a moth, gnaw so ugly like that?" shewing the place where the name had been most clumsily cut away. "I tell you," she continued, "a woman's eye can tell how that was done better than a man's can. That has been cut away with a knife! Look at the knife-marks on edge like that! There's gaolkey, I tell you, and I'll venture to tell you, too, where it was done. It was done at the very hand it sat her work-hand, and the lady did it herself!"

"What! Jezebel—hussy—abominable woman! Do you say that I cut away the name?"

The widow nodded short and fierce at her.

"Oh, do you hear and hear that, Mr. Hooks?" began his wife, shaking away into violent hysterics.

"Woman—woman!" cried Hooks, catching his wife in his arms, "see what you have done! You have killed the dear innocent! You have killed her by your wicked lies! Oh, never did she hear such language before in all her days! Poor, fear

stooping to stretch forth his hand and take one up, but Mr. Sampson Hooks pushed him rudely back with his hand on his chest, crying,

"Stop fellow! what are you about? Do you think I allow any chief to come and thrust his paw into my private papers? Stand back! stand back, I say! I will look at my leisure for this note you speak of, and if it be there, rest assured you shall have it. Your name is Webster, you say——"

"Ragley—Simon Ragley is my name; but give me neither note nor money to-day, I say, but when you find it; give me another now. I can't go away wi' out it."

"A strange fellow are you!" said Sampson Hooks; "do you think I give notes for a hundred pound to any scrap that passes to ask me? Show me any document proving that I owe you an account, and I will pay you it; but do-ument I see none, and so such sev-ant can I call to recollection. A very likely thing indeed it would be to give you a note on such grounds. Go; come again in a few days. I will search—I will search: and if it's here—why, you'll have it."

"But you know me, Mister Hooks! You've seen me often enough—you wunna deny that!"

"I, I, I see you, fellow, or Sagman, or whatever you call yourself; but where or when I am not to say. Have you worked for me? Where is your work?"

"God kindly!" exclaimed the old man, now transported with rage; "but a pretty thing you are! I know you now, if you dunna know me Gee me th' ord note: or, by the Lord, I'll break your villain's skull!"

And with that the bony fellow raised his huge knotty stick, and held it in act to strike, while his eyes blazed with actual rage; his teeth ground in his head, and his lusty, sinewy figure looked like that of a giant skeleton, so high and gaunt and rigid did it seem. Sampson Hooks, who stood near to open French window, at one leap stood in the garden and attempted to close the window on his antagonist, but the fierce peasant bungled it upon with his left arm, making the glass fly ringing around with a noise that caused the gardener, who was at work among his flower-beds at some little distance, to raise his head and stand staring at this strange scene. Sampson Hooks, who had evidently prepared calling in this time the help of the servants, as in the case of the widow, and had obeyed, at the man's instance, the merely instinctive impulse of self-preservative, without staying to reflect how he was to get rid of this ugly customer, now seeing that the gardener was aware of the scene, called hastily, "John! John! help! Help! Here! here!"

John came up, and Hooks cried hurriedly, "raise him, put him out! Another of those desperate impostors who are always now making false claims—most probably a gang—must probably a gang! Raise him, put him out!"

"Ay, seize me!" said the man, in a tone of defiance. "Thrust me out if you dare, John Bookey! You know better than to come within the reach of my stick! You are too honest a fellow, Bookey, to lift your hand against a man that is robbed; ay, robbed, cheated by this villain!" and, stamping his stick on the gravel walk, he went on to relate all that had passed, while Sampson Hooks had slipped away round the house.

John, the gardener, who saw the coast clear, came quietly up, and said softly to the man,

"Mr. Ragsly, God knows that I won't lay a finger on you. I know you to be as honest as the day's long, but listen to me. You will do no good striving here. Let me advise you to go away for the present, and we'll talk it over. Shall I recommend you a Doctor? I can't help you just now; if you stand five minutes longer you may loose me my place too; but I will, with all the pleasure in the world, give you any advice I can. I'll come on Sunday—that's the day after to-morrow—in your house, and we'll talk it over. But go now, only go!"

"John," said the old man, trembling with rage and agony of mind, "I am out of myself—I am mad. I don't know what to do; but I won't be any harm to you, neither. I'll a-we go; but as sure as there's been paid duty and to the day for five long years. The poor man was secure in his confidence, as if his money had been in "Lamont Nesbit." He came at length at his half-penny day, and Mr. Hooks paid up his interest, and was particularly civil; but on settling the payment on the back of the note, he observed that the paper was become much worn—it was actually in pieces at the folds; and he told the poor man that he had better leave it a few days, and he would have it carefully copied for him on a new piece of paper. The poor man made no objection, and Mr. Hooks politely complied, nay thanked Mr. Hooks cordially for his obliging behaviour. He came a week or ten days afterwards for his new note, and was shown into Mr. Sampson Hooks' presence.

"Well, my good fellow," said Mr. Sampson, who sat at his desk, with a tremendous heap of papers before him, "and pray what is your wish with me?"

The poor man looked naturally astonished; but smiling, said, "I've called for my note, sir."

"Your note! What note was that?"

"Oh, the note you were so good as to offer to copy for me."

"Ah, indeed! a note of business was it to some of your friends?"

The poor man felt a cold, queer sort of sensation about his heart, and a confused feeling went through his limbs, and he answered, with a great air of anxiety—

"It was a promissory note for my money, which you were so good as to offer to have copied out, you know, the other day—the note I have had my interest on these few years."

"A promissory note! To copy! My memory must fail me strangely. My good man, I can recollect no promissory note, without some sale, or deposit upon it, worse will come of it. Pay me, I say, or I'll blow you for all to the world, and make mince meat from here all the way to London! Pay me, sir——"

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* Deception.

tion, madam, it's your doing, too. Didn't you read the name? Didn't you say it was your own dear Sampson's name, and that it always did you good to see it? Deny it if you dare! And so, master," said she, turning passionately to Sampson Hooks, "you pay me, you say, without more ado, or the pond upon it, worse will come of it. Pay me, I say, or I'll blow you for all to the world, and make mince meat from here all the way to London! Pay me, sir——"

"Softly, softly, good woman," now said Mr. Sampson Hooks, in his blandest and yet most commanding tone. "Let me advise you to moderate yourself. You are not only all compelled to say, but you are sure that this is the paper that you have but a few days ago, and that my name then stood on it; but some unaccountable circumstance can it have been removed? Have you no person at home who can have done this?"

"No, I have not, sir; there is not a soul who can have come into my chamber where I keep the safe. No, no!"

"Then can it have been a rat, or a mouse, or a moth?"

"A rat! a mouse! a moth!" cried the enraged woman. "See there! does a rat, a mouse, a moth, gnaw so ugly like that?" shewing the place where the name had been most clumsily cut away. "I tell you," she continued, "a woman's eye can tell how that was done better than a man's can. That has been cut away with a knife! Look at the knife-marks on edge like that! There's gaolkey, I tell you, and I'll venture to tell you, too, where it was done. It was done at the very hand it sat her work-hand, and the lady did it herself!"

"What! Jezebel—hussy—abominable woman! Do you say that I cut away the name?"

The widow nodded short and fierce at her.

"Oh, do you hear and hear that, Mr. Hooks?" began his wife, shaking away into violent hysterics.

"Woman—woman!" cried Hooks, catching his wife in his arms, "see what you have done! You have killed the dear innocent! You have killed her by your wicked lies! Oh, never did she hear such language before in all her days! Poor, fear

Selected Articles.

ACCIDENTALITIES.—The N. Y. Mercury gives the following account of a fatal accident which has occurred in the same way, but we have often noticed, while traversing through the country, that the mower was apt to a place, the *farther* the better, at least when we placed any reliance upon the assurance given to us regarding distance. Here is the anecdote from the Mercury.

Stranger—I say, friend, how far is it to Brook field?

Boy—Two miles, sir.

Stranger—Two must be mistaken. They told me a little ways back that it was only eight.

Boy—Well, sir, seeing it is you you may have it for that. But I wouldn't let anybody else have it.

Guy are you Grace.—The private gardens around Queen Victoria's palace at Windsor were thrown open to the public last September. One afternoon, Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, emerged from the Castle, taking a "constitutional" in the Home Park, when a gentleman, not knowing who he was, called out—"Hallo, you sir! come back and get off the grass!" came back, pen in hand, and politely asked the name of the occupant of the officer, who, as he passed, taking him for one of the Royal attendants, called out, "You may go on, you are all right enough." His lordship smiled at the bystanders and pursued his walk.

EF A child's death was never more keenly mourned than in these lines by R. S. Sheridan:

In sorrow I sought where sleeping she lay,
If chance a violet rose in purple bend,
Or lily's fairy white its leaves display,
To deck and flourish in a sister bed.
Such was thy fate, dear child,
The opening rosebud
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth unworthy,
And loved too much!
Heav'n saw and early snatch'd thee for its own!

ASSAULT OF MUTE.—A reverend gentleman in one of our country churches, in the vicinity of his congregation the passage of Scripture— I am that I am—in saying which, he pronounced it in a drawling manner, turned over two pages and went on—I am not and a call the fool of an ass"—when discovering his mistake he turned hastily turned back, and exclaimed—"that I am."

PENN WORK—Elisha Barrett, the learned blacksmith, who is now in England, writing home says, that a single sewer man in the Metropolis employed by working from four o'clock in the morning, until ten o'clock at night—eighteen hours—can earn eighteen pence sterling, or thirty-six cents a day, and no more!!

EF The generality of women seem to have an impression, that the result to a woman's heart are four—through her eye, her ear, her vanity, and down her throat; for which reason they dress at her, talk at her, say scarce things to her, and treat her to sweet things.—*Dupuis Transcript.*

SOBRIETARITY.—Let those who would effect regularity, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL C. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum in advance—If to be paid to others.

The $3 in advance can easy will be saved to you. To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

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FOR THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Neal's Pictorial Family Gazette" will be sent for one year.

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FOR FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening visitor punctually throughout the year, now we trust they will do their part, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Christian principle, and one worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire surely the publisher, who gives so much he so little is the man. We trust this appeal to the conscientious and justness of our subscribers, will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARADE Who like the two first stanzas of W. H. McC's Charade very well, but we think the last might be amended. If we chose however to be the same at all, the Charade would be much better.

ANSWER—We hardly know what to say to this poem —its base good things in it, and if it were pruned down to about half the size it might be worth the space it fills in the volume, as it stands, we fear, be compelled to decline it.

LOVE VS. DISEASE SHORTER—THE CHOICE OF LOVE. The former of these poems might answer if shortened, and if we can find room for the last, whenever leisure to make a few alterations, it probably will appear. We do like to oblige our friends, but ——

The manuscript letter of our respected friend W. K. has afforded us much gratification. Not to the approval of its kind sentiments, we value the commendations of the veterans and the good.

DOMBEY AND SON.

As the opening chapters of this new work of Dickens's, which is now in process of publication in England, give every indication that it will be equal if not superior to anything that he has ever written, we have concluded to publish it entire in our columns, as fast as it is received from the English publishers. In order to give room for the chapters this week, it has been necessary to retrench to some degree on the variety which we usually give on the fourth page—but next week this defect shall be remedied.

We shall print an extra number of copies of the papers containing a few of the first chapters, in order that those of our new subscribers who may wish to commence with the story, may have an opportunity of doing so. Such, however, will please apply early.

AMERICAN HABITS.

It is a perpetual source of astonishment to English and other foreigners to see with what ease and by the "hurry" which our whole population seem to be in. So much has been said about our hasty mode of gaining and grabbing places out of the reach barriers who wish to astonish and interest the European public, have to seek out for some more novel instances of the hurrying propensities of our countrymen. And the author of "Hochelaga," a recent work descriptive of manners and customs in Canada and the United States, has hit upon the following very good instance.

"In Boston I was put into a six bedded room, the only empty one in the hotel. Three of the beds were occupied by Americans. I was fortunate to secure just as the fourteen passengers arrived, for it gave me an opportunity of seeing a departure in going to bed, recalling that in the chronicles of the next. From the time the door opened, these appeared to be nothing but a hurrying and jump into bed, and then a move of the professional repose. Early in the morning, when these gentlemen arrived from their balmy slumbers, there was another hop, step and jump out of bed, and we are no more of them."

Now we do not by any means intend to deny the truth of the above statement—on the contrary, its graphic felicity in nature needs somewhat vividly our own practice in this respect, especially after the said writer's night. But we cannot help being amused at the last-eyed "Cockneyism" that cannot see that this habit, as it is termed, of being always in such a precipitating hurry, has its sources in all that these Cockneys themselves consider most wonderful and worthy of praise in our country. Look what has been done in America since the foundation of our government—the forests that have been cleared away, the towns and villages that have been built, the railroads that have been made, in one word, the work that has been done or all kinds—but all yesterday. Hence, though we know whether to do so much has not necessarily required a constant strain and hurry on the part of the people. And can it be wondered at, that having done so much in so short a period, we should have had developed into our very natures, a feeling of the necessity of making the most of our time? Is it so created a thing to ridicule and deride, that an army in the pursuit of an engagement should never be despatch its meals? The American people have been, you are yet, like an army engaged with an enemy—they have had a perpetual warfare to wage with howling wilderness, with unfruitful fields, with disorder and confusion of all kinds. Even now, every one engaged in business can live as an enemy at being in a hurry, if he would not let it interfere with the proper discharge of his duties. What our country begins to grow commercially on, and the population becomes thick, and there are consequently more hands and less work, we decide not our people will learn to time, and to get into bed as leisurely as the most accomplished tootle could desire. But just now they have to do with their hand, they really are in a hurry because it is important they should be in a hurry. It is not always possible to attend to the major and minor morals at the same time.

NEW COURSE OF LECTURES.

Mr. George R. Glidden, who about a year ago delivered a most interesting series of lectures upon Ancient Egypt, as seems to commence a new series at the Assembly Building, about the 10th of this month. Mr. Glidden also commenced a new work in press, which under the title of "Chronos, will include an outline of a great Chronological Atlas presenting the parallel histories of the East and West, or "a synoptical and synchronous tabulation of records and accidental events from the earliest times to the death of Napoleon." This work is the production of Mr. Henry Yonel, and is translated from the author's original and unpublished manuscript by Mr. Glidden.—We note in the capacity of Editor, and adds valuable annotations.

DENISON'S BEST BOWER.

We have received the first number of a new paper with the above title, to be published and edited by the Rev. C. W. Denison, not to be devoted to the cause of Sunism, the Temperance Reform, Virtue, Science, &c., &c. It is to be issued semi-monthly, in Boston, Providence, New Bedford and Portland, at one dollar per annum. From the number before us we should judge very favorably of Mr. Denison's ability to make an interesting and useful paper.

THE RICHMOND AFFAIR.

The Court, by a vote of five to two, have refused to grant Mr. Myers' motion for a further continuation. The Richmond papers say that the Commonwealth's Attorney will proceed to-day with the Quotidian branch of applicants from a crowded Court room.

We have no wish to deny the great provocation under which Col. Myers labored in this case, but we are compelled to wonder and shrink back at the conduct. The only apology which can be offered for Mr. Myers can be sustained is that, insomuch as the law provides no adequate punishment for the offence, he followed the impulses of the law. But if none are allowed to be the judges in one case of what compensation they are entitled to, and others their own compensation, they will soon be found to extend the practice to other cases. We go, therefore, for laws, the severest laws if you choose, against those who dare to pollute the sacred atmosphere of home, in order that justice may be done in this as well as in all other cases by those only who have the right and administer justice the constituted authorities of the land.

TO POLITICIANS.

"The Whigs of Moffin lost their Constitutional by one vote, and now they are in a terrible scrape for this office did not get to the polls. The result has therefore given him a practical illustration of the importance of one vote, which he cannot fail to appreciate."

The above paragraph, which we take from an esteemed contemporary, contains an implied censure of a candidate for not going to the polls and voting for himself. Now so far as the censure extends to his not voting for other officers, we have no objection, but we cannot consider it even from his friends honorable to his character as a man, if not as a "shrewd politician." Above all things we detest the "shrewd politician" and we trust that the day is not far distant when the people will learn to estimate the value of such men and will no longer be willing to be led to the slaughter by them. We think that a high-minded man must have to wrong his own soul to do it. That a candidate, on the strong, should not vote for himself, provided he can be believes to be sound and true, is perfectly right; but the instant he enters into an argument to prove that he is a better man than his opponent to fill the office, he lowers himself immeasurably. He should leave that to his friends. And why should a man who is worthy of being voted for, more than in a debating or other society, or in a legislative body? We see no good reason—however, there may be—but to the old doctrine that no man should solicit a representative or other important office. If he is the right man for the place, his friends will bring him forward without solicitation; if not, why should he desire a situation which he is not well qualified to fill.

MORAL POWER.

A letter in the United States Gazette says:

"One of the most potent and formidable aids of our troops in northern Mexico, is exercise, when a battle with them, is said to be 'hollering.' An experienced officer, who has served much in the cause of the Indians, assures me that he has seen, that the yelling and shouting of our troops when rushing into battle was the Americans were terrible to all delicate ears, and truly terrific to our enemies! He has known for many years ago. Well both that he was instructing a regiment of Mexican soldiers in the art of 'hollering,' when, whenever his troops, in an engagement with the Texans, heard those 'shouts and yells' there was no doing such with them! They could be brought up to the fire of the Texans very well, but in military story, but the Anglo Saxon 'hollering' broke their ranks and scattered them about in all directions. It is reported that the perfect system of yelling and shouting of our troops every where they make at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma did great execution in breaking the ranks and dispersing the Mexican forces!

If a conquest achieved by such means has not some little right to be dignified by the proud title of a victory gained by moral power, we do not know what is what. What difference is there in the moral power exerted by a people displayed in the sentence of the stamp, the loud denunciations of the reformer, or the shouting of the soldier. There is, with which he had no intention of entering on here. The election being now over, nothing at it can be of any practical benefit. We therefore, and opinions any longer from his friends and the public."

TO ROSALIE.

We are indebted to a subscriber for the following little piece of poetry upon a little subject, but as it is not his own, but he thinks it is original. We doubt the originality of it, but as it is tolerably good we have concluded to publish it.

When anything shrunks, we find
That nothing will help it, when
But when there's little of the kind,
Don't complain of being small.

If wives are evil, as 'tis known,
And awfully confirmed,
The man who's single will surely own
A little out is best!

The God of Love's a little wight,
But tenderly he's drawn,
Then see not little, fair and bright,
And every thing we'll grow.

Oh happy girl, I think thee so,
For much the Poet's Song,
"Man wants a little more than he have,
Nor wants that little long!" G. N. D.

THE NEW PLANET.

One of the most remarkable events of the present day is the discovery of a new Planet by the means of which was predicted by a French Astronomer, M. Le Verrier, from astronomical data.

Professor Orestes Brownson says:

"Although this body is equal in brightness only to a star of the eighth magnitude, and therefore never be visible to the naked eye, or bear any important relation to our world, and the mode of its discovery, exercise, as it does, the vast reach of mathematical analysis in penetrating the arcana of the universe is one of the most striking events in modern astronomy. Here is a body 2,500,000,000 of miles from the sun, which is not discovered by a telescopic star, which is not only recognized as being one of the solar system, and its orbit calculated, long before in the depths of space, was shadowed forth by the mathematics of human reason, and even the largest telescope had revealed its existence."

THAT POOR LEG.

That poor leg of Santa Anna's, which the French shot off, and which was buried with all the honors of war, is not to be unearthed and kicked about again, (though of course not as of old, by its owner), at the time Santa Anna became unpopular, but is to be dug up and exhibited with the body to its authorities. It seems it has been in the possession of a young man who procured it when in the line of hope of making at some day a speculation out of it, in which, of course, he has here succeeded. We do trust that that poor leg will come in for a certain glimpses of the moon," but be allowed to rest hereafter in peace.

CAPITULATION OF MONTEREY

The following from the "Life of Napoleon," seems fully to justify, as far as it is worth anything, the course of Gen. Taylor in acceding to Ampudia such favorable terms:

"The keys of a fortified place are ample concessions for permitting the garrison to retire unmolested, whenever the latter evinces a disposition to do rather than accept less favorable terms. It is always better, therefore, to grant an honorable capitulation to a garrison which has resisted vigorously than to run the risk of an attempt to storm.

TOO RIDICULOUS.

There often views so ridiculous and absurd, that it makes one almost feel ashamed to laugh at them. Of this class is the following, which we came across the other day in our perquisitions through newspaperdom —

"A Quaker whopped his son for imitating the cawing of a crow, but he ill showed a disposition to become a play actor."

SEARS' PICTORIAL MAGAZINE.

We would call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus of the above work, published on the third page. Mr. Sears' Magazine contains monthly a great deal of matter, and is profusely and beautifully illustrated by engravings, and is afforded at a very low price.

THE TREASURY.

The Washington Union says:—"There are about or near four millions in the treasury, in addition to the privilege of borrowing, or issuing treasury notes. We have sufficient sinews of war, not only to 'get along,' but to prosecute the war with all vigor."

SHORT BUT POINTED.

Lima's Loving Lady is noticing books reviewed from Harper & Brothers, has the following in relation to Martin, or the Foundling, by Eugene Sue.

"We see nothing in this book to compensate for its disgusting and lascivious filth."

THE TWO MILLIONS.

The Nashville Union, a Democratic paper of considerable influence, we believe, says—

"The state of things known by Mr. Polk has arrived. An application has been made to Santa Anna has been communicated to in favor of the Mexican government, under the *arrest of silver for peace.* It is the military power which is to be employed in the restoration of Santa Anna, and if the military are for continuing the war, Santa Anna will be overthrown. This is the opinion of the *new officers, Mr. Polk foresaw that the war of one year would be brought to a close by the influence of gold.* Indeed Santa Anna is really for peace, he might be able to carry out his intentions, for he has the power to put down *all parties of paying the soldiers.* Before the matter now stands, we can only hope that the war may be speedily closed."

HEAVY DIVIDENDS.

The following dividends have been declared by the Philadelphia banks, out of their profits for the last six months. They are the same, we have understood, in every instance, as what they were six months ago.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,	6	per ct.
Others Lobrien,	6	do.
Mechanics',	6	do.
Kensington,	6	do.
Southwark,	6	do.
Commercial,	6	do.
Philadelphia,	4	do.
Manufacturers' and Mechanics',	4	do.
Commercial,	3½	do.
Bank of Commerce,	3	do.
Bank of Penn Township,	One year and a half in arrear.	

THE GREAT BRITAIN.

This unfortunate vessel is said to have cost $650,000; her insurance was only $370,000. The New York Commercial and the Christian Advocate and Journal of last week, each contains a letter from different clergymen (one of them Rev. Mr. Ashmead,) in which the above representation of her is directly charged in the intemperate habits of her officers. It is due to them, however, that such a heinous charge should not be implicitly received until the result of examination has been made into the facts of the case —which examination it is probable has been already instituted by the British Government.

PROFOUND REMARK.

The Boston Chronotype, a very ably edited sheet, by the way, opens an article upon the Philosophy of Labor, with the following truly profound observation —

"There is no country that we know of entirely destitute of soil."

We agree entirely with the editor of the Chronotype, there is no country, that *we know of*, entirely destitute of soil.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco is a dirty weed, and it is a consolation that everybody says so, and almost everybody spits at the crop of 1846, from the United States 8,000,000 kilogrammes, and from Hungary and other places 2,000,000 kilogrammes in all 11,000,000 kilogrammes, or $4,400,500 pounds.

FROM SANTA FE.

News from Santa Fe to the 17th September is contained in the St. Louis papers, received by the Western mail.

Gen. Kearney had returned from the South, after a very successful tour. The people, with the exception of the rich portion, received him with great joy. He proceeded to march for California on the 25th of September.

NEW TREASURY NOTES.

The Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank of Troy has taken $10,000 of the Secretary's new issue of Treasury Notes at 5 per cent. discount. They were paid to the Secretary's order, and will be returned to them at that discount. This, with $50,000 taken by the Bank of the Metropolis, and $30,000 at Washington, is all, we believe, of this issue that has yet been taken.

A HOAX.

It is now stated that a proclamation purporting to be from Gen. Kearney which has gone the rounds of the papers, announcing the conquest of New Mexico to hold an election for a delegate to Congress &c., is a hoax. We are glad to hear it.

THE TARIFF.

It is said that a large sum of money has been raised for the purpose of fortifying the city of Boston. And a proposition to that effect has been papers to transfer the capital to Tolucca, beyond the mountains, out of the reach of danger.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Our friend Taylor has added the first proposed title of his new work. He intends to call it, "Views A Foot, or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff."

Notices of New Works.

HISTORY OF THE TWENTY YEARS' WAR. *Translated from the German of Frederick Von Raumer, by the Rev. A. H. Morrison, M. A. New York. Harper & Brothers. For sale by Zeiber & Co.* The reputation of this work will be sufficient recommendation of it to the reader. The translation, however, in question was a labor of love, and the person described has all the selective and incident of a romance. Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Tilly, Richelieu, &c., figure on the stage, and give additional interest to the important drama in which they are introduced to acquaintance.

LESSONS AND STORIES OF ISRAEL. *By Samuel Lee, Esq., B. H. A. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* The appearance of this volume of Mr. Lowe's book creates in quite appearance. Those that have Mr. Lowe's Lessons and Stories now an opportunity to take it on both at the eye and the ear. We should think that the book would be found a useful help to those who have the book and those who read the book will be very much pleased with its public entertainment.

THE CAPTIVE. We have received the November number of an excellent monthly publication with the above title, devoted to Horticulture, Botany, Landscape Gardening, &c. It is edited by A. J. Downing, author of several celebrated works upon the above subjects, and published by *G. B. Zieber & Co.*, at this city. Price $1.00 a year.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR. We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Desilver, a Map of the Seat of War, showing the entire field of General Taylor's operations. The map will be very useful to those who are desirous of having a clear idea of the progress of the war. Price 12½ cts.

SERIES. We are indebted to *Messrs. Lambert & Hitchcock* for No. 11 of Harper & Brothers' Pictorial Edition of the Bible, being the concluding part of the Dictionary of Practical Medicine, reprinted from the English edition by the same publishers.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. We have received the No. 5 of this Review for the present month.

Local Intelligence.

COMMODORE DECATUR.

On Thursday week the removal of the remains of Commodore Decatur to their new resting place was commemorated with great parade and ceremony.

The procession was formed at the navy yard in the usual order, made of dark cloud with cedar; on the left was a small silver plate, containing the following inscription, viz:

"Commodore Stephen Decatur of the U. S. Navy departed this life 22d March, 1820, in the 41st year of his age."

The outer coffin was of black walnut, with the following inscription on a silver shield upon the lid.

"Here is the remains of Commodore Stephen Decatur, who died at the Navy Yard, in this city, on the 22d day of March, 1820, aged 41 years.

His public services are recorded in the annals of his country. His private virtues live in the hearts of his friends, and above all, in her heart who was the affectionate and loving partner of his life, and the highest witness of his exalted worth, and who can now only mingle her tears with his kindred, that he possessed every virtue of which the human character is capable, and practiced them in his highest perfection.

"Sacredly mourn," for time which soothes the griefs of individuals will only render you more sensible of the irreparable loss you have sustained.

The coffin was placed upon a bier, and covered with a black velvet pall, ornamented with the emblems and sword of the deceased.

On reaching the front of St. Peter's Church the procession halted, the military were drawn up in line on the lower side of the street, and remained at present arms while the coffin and the clergy passed. The procession passed onwards and into the church yard.

The body was then interred in a grave, dug close to the tomb of the father of the deceased, on the distance south of the avenue, in the centre of the yard.

The Wayne Artillery, Capt. Morford, and the Harrison Blues, Capt. Graham, were selected by General Cadwalader as the volley guard. Capt. Morford, of the former company, took the command. The duty assigned them was performed with precision.

The Washington Union says that in passing through Washington "The lid of the inner coffin was opened, and that every lineament of the face of the dead was clear. Nothing remained but the skeleton, and a few fragments of the dress."

The New Planet.—This body was seen from the Observatory of the Central High School, by Prof. Kendall, on Saturday night week. It was then in the constellation Aquarius, a little south of the ecliptic in the Southeastern part of the Heavens. It appears to be, when seen through the telescope, about the size of a large sized pin's head, and about two seconds and a half in the twenty-four hours following Tuesday night. This wonderful discovery was made by the means of profound mathematical labor and research, made in the closet for a series of years, and probably without the aid of a single telescopic observation.

THE CAPTIVE CASE.—The counsel election in the case of Mr. Lefar, has been quashed by the Court of Common Pleas, on the ground of insufficiency.

It is said that the question will be taken up to the Supreme Court as a writ of error.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

Of the Old World.

NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE.

VISIT TO MURRAY, THE PUBLISHER—LOCKHART AND BERNARD BARTON—CROLY, THE POET—MILMAN.

London, April 7, 1846.

I have been now nearly three weeks in England, and the language has again grown as familiar as if I had never left it. I have revisited with delight the street the many storied places I attempted to describe nearly in vague with a battery the enemy can't have wandered so much through these dark lanes and muddy streets, that the city's physiognomy is as well known to me as a book. Nevertheless, But I have most enjoyed the opportunity of seeing a few persons, whose names are familiar to the literary world of England and America, and as I know with what interest we look on the authors of our mother-land, I trust a slight sketch of those it has been my pleasure to see, may not be altogether without interest to you.

Mrs. Trollope, whom I met in Florence, had kindly given me a letter to Murray, the publisher, and I called on him soon after my arrival. He received me very politely, and I was struck with the remarkable resemblance between his countenance and that of the first poet of the day, which was soon engaged by the adverse Board, under Col. Hays, Texas Rangers, with a regiment of Lancers—the Zacatecas. During this time the battle ground was changed from the short and shell thick and fast upon us, though without much injury to us. The 7th Infantry (U. S.) and the Regulars were then ordered under command of Captain D. S. Miles, (a Baltimorean,) he was a brave, enthusiastic officer, and a favorite with all. Night found the two companion under Capt. Miles, and the 7th Infantry in the rear, and every thing was secured, and charged that the town was at our mercy, when a parley was sounded and the white flag was displayed from the cathedral. The "Palace de Obispo," (Bishop's Palace) and the "Citadel" are the two strongest fortifications in the city, besides the Fort and Main Fort. They have last mentioned fortifications upon him, but must resign his commissions!!!

Next day at one o'clock we were halted, and passed through the first line of fortifications, which we found abandoned. Several companies of mounted riflemen arrived, Matamoros on the 10th, by the steamer *Knight Rowley*. Order of battle, I understand, it is said, is to be commanded by Capt. Walker.

Reports have been received from 20 Counties that John Young is said to be the for 8,872 votes ahead.

The same Counties gave Mr. Wright in 1844 a majority of 1,644. The Democratic majority in the State was 10,033. Mr. Young has gained 7,228 on Fillmore's vote in 1844.

In New York the Democrats carried all before them. Wright goes out of the city with a majority of about 8,000. The Democratic majority in the State will be about 40,000.

The new Constitution has a large majority against it. The returned counties give 30,000 votes. There are no returns as yet in relation to the question of "Equal suffrage for colored persons."

The returns are the Congressional returns so far as received.

CONGRESSMEN ELECTED

Dist. 1—Frederick W. Lord, Dem.
2—Henry Nicholl, do. do. do. succeeds Native
3—Wm. M. Hinkley, do. do. do.
4—Paul A. Talmadge, Whig, succeeds Native
5—Gabriel H. Winthrop, do. do.
6—Cornelius Warren, Whig, do.
7—D. B. St. John, Whig, do.
8—Gideon D. Hopkins, Dem. and A. S.
13—John I. Stravenant, do. do.
14—Orlando D. Kellogg, Whig, do.
15—Hugh White, Whig, re-elected.
16—Joseph Mullin, Whig, succeeded Dem.
17—Timothy Jenkins, Tariff Hunker
18—Ebenezer Brooklyn, Whig, gain.
19—Daniel Ullman, do. do.
20—Daniel Dett, do. do.
21—John H. Mandeville, do. do.
22—Silas S. Holmes, Whig, re-elected
23—Robert H. Morris, do. do.
24—Hedley Marvin, do. do.
25—Nathan S. Hall, do. do.
26—Thomas Mitchell, do. do.
27—Washington Hunt, do. do. succeeded
27 Whigs and 5 Democrats elected.

The Journal of Commerce says Ed. Suffern, Democrat, is elected in the 9th District. The Tribune claims Nelson.

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.

New Jersey has also gone for the Whigs. The Democrats had their hopes raised out of the Congressmen.

In District—James G. Hampton, Whig
" " Isaac C. Stockton, Whig, gain
3d " Joseph E. Edsall Dem.
4th " Peter D. Vroom, Whig
" " Dudley S. Gregory, do.

The Legislature will be largely Whig, which will secure the election of a Whig United States Senator, in the place of Mr. Miller, Whig, who is dead.

NEXT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The Washington Union estimates the respective strength of parties in the next Congress as follows:

Democrats, 116; Whigs, 114—Hall, 1—Native, 1. These have been already elected 42 Democrats and 37 Whigs, leaving 103 to elect. The Union states that the Democrats must elect 27 of these, and the Whigs 60, making a Democratic majority of 14.

We have not seen any Whig estimate yet.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.—A meeting of the Whigs of Henderson county, Tennessee, was held at Lexington on the 5th ult., at which a resolution was adopted recommending the name of Henry McLean, as President of the United States, and Willie P. Mangum, as Vice President.

Mr. Mangum is a Whig member of Congress from Hampshire, in favor of Daniel Webster for the next Presidency. Are you not as low much of a hurry?

A PERSIAN CANDIDATE.—Robert W. Johnson, Democrat, said to be a brother of Richard M. Johnson, has been elected to Congress from Kentucky without opposition. He received 16,125 votes out of 16,126 polled.

U. S. SENATOR.—Hon. John H. Clarke has been elected U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, by 61 votes, over Hon. Nathan F. Dixon.

ALABAMA.—The accounts from the special election for a member of Congress in Alabama, on the 2d inst., (Dem.) has been elected by from 1 to 2 votes.

MESS SCARCE.—A steamboat is being built to run on the "sea of treacles."

A bachelor not far off is said to be able to make some of the "slings" of fortune of which Hamlet speaks.

A traveller recently picked up old Time's whiskers. This is thought to account for dull times.

A second-hand clothing shop has for sale some of the "shifts" of the wind.

Casualties.

TERRIFIC GALE IN THE GULF.

Late accounts bring intelligence of one of the most destructive gales in the Gulf of Mexico, that we have been known.

At Key West the gale commenced blowing from N. E. on the morning of the 11th ultimo, and by noon on the 12th the hurricane was at its rude height, and the storm raged with incredible violence for 36 hours without abatement. On the 12th it blew a moderate gale from the eastward, and gradually increased, soon on or twelve out of four hundred, at Key West, was destroyed or severely injured. The House was blown down, the Marine Hospital, and all the large buildings in the garrison were damaged to the amount of $200,000. Tybee's wharves dissipated, and the sail works were destroyed.

The United States barracks were injured, and fallen less than other buildings. Many families were turned out houseless, but the United States officers opened their doors to the distressance. The loss of life is great—many were drowned and many killed by falling timber.

Key West Light House and buildings attached were completely destroyed. The keeper and his wife washed up by the fury of the waves. Four men were stationed in these buildings at the time. Key Light House has totally disappeared, with the building connected with it. The fate of the keepers of this too have perished.

The current was at one time so high that the town of Key West.

Key West's vessel will doubtless put ashore, from the fact of Sand Key Light House being gone. Dead bodies are occasionally dug out from under the rubbish, and some are yet to be found. Some are remaining. As far as ascertained, fifty persons have lost their lives, and it is supposed as few are dead or injured.

Timber and slate buildings fell in every direction—stone could not withstand the gale, and although it was supposed to be proof against it, many occupied in boats and held on to the trees. Many of the houses were left with only a shell. The scene was awful in the extreme.

The gale also was equally severe at Havana and other places in the Gulf.

We have to announce with deep regret, that we have again been visited with a terrible hurricane, far more destructive to life and property in shipping in the harbor than that of 1844. It commenced on the evening of the 18th inst. and at last until 11 o'clock the next morning, that of the 19th causing much destruction to property, not in our port, all but 13 have been sunk, wrecked, and driven on shore, and others dismasted. The Lexington, which, 40 or 50 coasting vessels were destroyed in the city and environs, the injury to the boats of sugar, trees, &c., has been immense, and many lives have been lost. The accounts from the country are as yet imperfect, but the destruction there is very great deal. In some districts the damage, it is feared, will amount to millions. In others it has been less, but even there immense, to others it has been ruin.

The Havana prices current of the 15th ultimo, in summing up the list of disasters in the shipping says:

"Since the 18th ultimo, there have been 47 vessels, 31 dismasted 1, much damaged 1 sunk 1—total 37. Brigs sunk 10, dismasted 10, much damaged 14, sunk 1—total 35. Schooners sunk 7, dismasted 3, much damaged 1, sunk 1—total 15.

Steamships lost, Natchez, Tacon, Villanueva. Steamships sunk, upwards of 20.

The steamships Montezuma and Guadalcanar are ashore.

Among the vessels lost and damaged are a number of American vessels.

Capt. Merrill reports the following vessels cast ashore, dismasted, &c., at Havana, in the harbor since of the 19th ultimo—

The barque Rapid, of New York, sunk at her anchors, has been got up, and would float in a few days, for New York.

Brigantine Jerusalem, Baltimore, went ashore; was got off after discharging, with little injury.

Brig Madeline, of and for Boston, U. S., arrived on the 20th, went next day, and would be sold.

Brig Chile Herald, of New York, from Guayaquil, badly damaged—was taking in a cargo of sugar for New York.

Ship Nations, of New York, will be a total loss. She was a new ship, about sixteen months old.

Ship Madeline, Stockland, of Philadelphia, just from Boston, is a total wreck.

Brig Judson, of Newport, injured about $1,000.

Brig Oak had been ashore on the 20th—lost her foremast and main topmast.

Brig Willimont, of Boston, badly damaged, having had her stern knocked off; probably would be condemned.

Brig Ida badly damaged, had her side stove in and lost her topmast. Was repaired, and would sail in a few days for New Orleans.

Brig Cumberland, of New York, badly injured and was condemned.

Sloop Fisnet, Jacobs, sunk, condemned and sold for $125.

Schooner Merchant, of Charleston, Keen, dismasted.

Captain Crosby, of the ship Childe Harold, died at Havana on the 13th ultimo, of inflammation of the bowels.

The brig Marie L., Hill, of Boston, Capt. Chase, from Georgetown, D. C., bound to Kingston, Jamaica, was run down on the 16th of August, on 70°. lon. 74°. Captain and crew were taken off by the brig Empress, of and for Kingston, and safely landed.

The brig Mohawk, from Newcastle, was dismasted on the 17th of August, in the Gulf, in the first part of the hurricane. The crew escaped by the long boat, and were picked up by a vessel from which they succeeded in the walls of the fort.

The brig Ann Eliza, of Boston, was lost on the Isle of Pines, and her crew were landing in the harbor in the boats some of seamen in the merchant and navy services.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

The following statements are from the Matamoros Flag, and contain about all we have of interest from the army:

ATTEMPT TO LURE A BEE.—The steamer Cincinnati, on her trip down from Camargo, touched on the night at a ferry on the Rio Grande, and a small boat attached to the boat went ashore and returned with a number of Texans. He was not accompanied by any one who thought to arrange him with a pistol. The Texans left their guns in the boat, and in the use of this weapon, but seemed to be unarmed. Lieutenant Colonel Hays was on board the steamer, exercising the boy with the Texans, and when he learned from his men that he had been in the boat, the youngster fired two pistol balls into him, one of which, if it had not cut off, no doubt quite sure of the stomach. The Texans were not allowed to land, and the steamers must think the Yankees are "born varmints."

IMPORTANT TO ALL WHOM IT CONCERNS GENERALLY.—The Quartermaster General at Washington has issued an order that no steamboat, not in the employment of the government, shall be allowed to land on any American or Mexican citizen as passengers, or any property, without the accompanying officer of one of the Military Posts, or a commissioned officer of the Quartermaster's Department.

2. That no goods of any description will be allowed to be transported on such boats which are not consigned to the Quartermaster, Major Munroe, at the depot of supplies at Camargo.

3. That no freight of any description will be allowed to be landed at any point on the river except at Camargo, Reynosa, Mier, or Comargo, unless so ordered by a commissioned officer of the Quartermaster's Department.

4. That "no freight of any description will be allowed to be landed at any point on the river except at Camargo, Reynosa, Mier, or Comargo, unless so ordered by a commissioned officer of the Quartermaster's Department.

"This order," says the Flag, "arrives a little too late to prevent the landing of the goods, but they receive from having the entire trade of the country in their hands, and all others excluded from it, except those who have the permission to land their goods to them (the merchants) all the places in Mexico, but the troops of the U. S. should occupy, and we have come here under his invitation."

—Gen. Taylor has issued an order that the wines, Gen. Taylor, and alcohol not be held accountable for any damage that may result from the exclusion from him. It is stated that merchants are interested in the articles named, but must escape from to Butlers, who will sell them at the rate of 25 per commissions!!!

—Col. Hays is one of one thousand waggon service, Matamoros from Reynosa Island, on the 6th, on the troops of the U. S. should occupy, and we have come here under his invitation."

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Beaver.*

JOHN SIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B Weld, E. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September*, 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halory*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 18, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR—I have this day received from *John Halory*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

General News.

RAILROAD IRON.—In the latter part of 1844 the first bar of Railroad Iron was made in this country. Now the following establishments as we learn from the Pottsville Journal, are either in operation or almost completed:

Names.	Location.	Tons per an
Montour Iron Co's,	Danville, Pa.,	9 000
Wyoming,	Wilkesbarre, Pa.,	9,000
Trenton,	Trenton, N. J.,	9 000
Mount Savage,	Maryland,	9 000
Providence,	Providence, R. I.,	9,000
Hunt,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	6 000
Great Western, near	Pittsburg, Pa.,	6,000
Seibert & Wainright,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	6 000
Grey,	Boston, Mass.,	9 000
Phoenixville,	Phoenixville, Pa.,	9 000
Tremont,	Connecticut,	6 000
Fall River,	Connecticut,	9 000
Moore & Hoven,	Norristown, Pa.,	6 000
Ellicott's,	Baltimore, Md.,	6 000
Yarmouth,	Yarmouth, Mass.,	5 000
Lackawana	Luzerne County,	8,000
	Total,	119,000

Of the above mentioned works all are in operation except four or five which are now in process of construction and nearly finished. It will be seen that they are of sufficient capacity to make 119,000 tons of railroad iron per annum, equal to 2,288 tons per week, or 382 tons per day. For a mile of railroad with a heavy track, 90 tons of iron are required. It will be seen, therefore that iron enough can now be manufactured in the United States to lay *four miles per day*, or twelve hundred miles per year. When we reflect that only two years have elapsed since the first ton of railroad iron was made in this country, it seems almost incredible that so much has been accomplished in so short a time.

It is estimated that five tons of coal are used in the manufacture of every ton of railroad iron. This gives an aggregate of 595,000 tons of coal used for this purpose, nearly all of which is Anthracite. This fact is sufficient to show the important relation which this branch of the iron business holds to the Anthracite coal trade of Pennsylvania.

In producing the amount of railroad iron mentioned above, 309,000 tons of iron ore are used. It is impossible to state accurately the number of hands employed in manufacturing the iron from the time the ore is dug until the rails are finished at the rolling mill.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—*Reduction of Rates.*—The Washington and Baltimore Electro Magnetic Telegraph Company have reduced the rates of transmission of messages as follows:—

Messages of											
Messages of	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	10	words	10 cts.
"	11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20	"	15 "
"	21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29	30	"	20 "
"	31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39	40	"	25 "
"	41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49	50	"	30 "
"	51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59	60	"	35 "
"	61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69	70	"	40 "
"	71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79	80	"	45 "
"	81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89	90	"	50 "
"	91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99	100	"	55 "

The same rates will be charged for every succeeding hundred, and part of a hundred words, except upon communications for the press, which will be charged at half the rates for every hundred and parts of a hundred after the first hundred.

Numerals and initials will be charged as if the words they represent were written in full.

COL. FREMONT IN CALIFORNIA.—This gallant young officer is earning laurels, far away from home. We have before us a letter from Monterey, on the Pacific, to the editor of the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, containing the annexed notice of his operations. The letter is dated July 29, 1846:—

"Col. Fremont's party arrived here yesterday, having had some pretty hard fighting with the Mexicans and Indians. They number about two hundred, and are the most daring and hardy set of fellows I ever looked upon. They are splendid marksmen, and can plant a bullet in an enemy's head with their horses at full gallop. They never think of eating bread, but live upon meat all the time. They never sleep in a house, but on the ground, with a blanket around them, their saddle for a pillow, and a rifle by their side. I should like to give you some more minute account of them, but time will not admit."—*Pennsylvanian.*

PUBLIC WORKS.—The following is the exhibit, up to the 1st inst., of receipts at the office of the Eastern terminus of the Main Line.

Amount as per last report,	218,249 44
Do. month Oct. '46,	35,414 77
Whole amount since Nov. 30, 1845,	254,664 21
Receipts same time last year,	220,421 37
Excess over do.,	34,270 80

For the ten months of this year, up to the 1st of November, the increase of receipts at the above named office, over the corresponding period of 1845, is $34,270. The increase of the month of October, '46, over October, '45, is about $9,000. This is most satisfactory; and give augury that the day is not remote when the Commonwealth may rely upon them for the larger share of the interest on our public debt.

AFFAIR OF DISHONOR.—The Galveston News says:—"We learn that Gen. A. S. Johnson, and others, would have come by the Galveston, but were detained in Camargo by an unfortunate occurrence. A misunderstanding had arisen between Col. Marshall, of Kentucky, and Col. Baily Peyton, of New Orleans. The former, we learn, had freely censured Gen. Taylor for what he deemed to be bad Generalship or culpable neglect. He was defended by Col. Peyton. The language finally became so warm that a challenge was given and accepted, and the parties were to meet with their friends the next morning (*last Sunday*) and settle the difference by combat, Gen. A. S. Johnson acting as the friend of Col. Marshall. The officers now here left Camargo on Saturday evening before the duel."

THE MEXICAN FORCE AT MONTEREY.—One of the journals of the city of Mexico published a letter from Monterey, dated September 22d, in which the Mexican force was rated at 13,750 regular troops.

RELIEF OF THE SICK SOLDIERS.—The ladies of Baltimore have interested themselves in the condition of the sick soldiers at Matamoras, and are preparing preserves, syrups, &c., for their use.

UNITED STATES LOAN.—The Treasury Department has issued proposals for a loan of five millions of dollars, on a stock bearing six per cent. interest, and having ten years to run to maturity. The Union says:—

"The law under which the loan is proposed to be made, limits the amount to ten millions of dollars, leaving it to the option of the Government to issue Treasury Notes, or make a loan, or both, provided the Treasury Notes and loan do not together exceed ten millions of dollars. It would appear, from the course pursued by the Treasury Department, to be the intention of the Government to effect the whole operation, by an issue of five millions of Treasury Notes, and a loan of five millions of dollars only. With a loan of five millions of dollars, and an issue of five millions of dollars of Treasury Notes, together with the moneys now in the Treasury, and the accruing proceeds of the customs, and of the sales of the public lands, it is believed that the Government will have all the funds required."

TRANSMISSION OF LETTERS TO THE ARMY.—As a matter of general interest to a large number of our readers, we publish the following note from the Post-Office Department at Washington, in reply to an inquiry relative to the transmission of letters to the Army.

SIR—In answer to your inquiry of the 16th inst. I have to state that the Department has an agent at Point Isabel, whose duty it is to take charge of letters from the Army of Occupation, and to forward the same when opportunity offers. Letters addressed to persons in the Army are sent by the Postmaster of New Orleans, on their arrival at his office, to the agency referred to, to be transmitted to their address.

Respectfully, &c.,
S. R. HOBBIE,
1st Assistant P. M. General.
October 20, 1846.

EXTENSIVE JURISDICTION.—In the New York Court on Monday, the Vice Chancellor denied the motion to discharge the writ of *ne exeat* which was issued against Col. Stevenson prior to his departure for California, and granted the motion for an attachment against him for contempt in not appearing before a master. The officer, to serve it, must of course go to California, which by sea is some fifteen or twety thousand miles. The Judge probably considers California as properly within the jurisdiction of the United States, and therefore an attachment will be able to reach the Colonel, no matter how far the distance.—*Ledger.*

THE SUGAR CROP AT HAVANA.—The Charleston Courier of the 31st ult., says:—

"We learn from letters received here, that in the interior the injury to the crop of sugar cane is not so great as in 1844, the plant not having been torn up to the extent it was at that period, but in most cases only blown down, retaining its hold in the earth sufficiently well to allow it to mature.

"At Matanzas it was feared that the effects of the gale would be very severe, but we understand that the injury sustained was much less than was anticipated by those who were acquainted with its location."

REWARD FOR VIGILANCE.—We learn from a late Continental Journal that the Government of Austria with a wise provision against accidents incurred on railways, has issued an ordinance declaring that every engine-driver on the rail-road of the State who shall have, for the space of one year, performed his duties without having caused any accident, shall be entitled to a reward of 100 florins (260f.) and that every engine-driver whose trains have met with no accident for ten consecutive years shall receive 1,000 florins (2,600f.) and a gold medal.

CAPTAIN STEWART.—Gov. Pratt, of Maryland, received, on Saturday, from Gen. Taylor, an official announcement of the death of Lieutenant Colonel Wm. H. Watson, also informing him that Captain Stewart had been promoted by seniority, as well as by the "unanimous" voice of the officers of the Baltimore battalion, to the vacancy thus occasioned. Gov. Pratt immediately forwarded the document to the President of the United States, with the recommendation that Col. Stewart be officially confirmed as Lieutenant Colonel of the battalion.

THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.—The Manchester Democrat gives a case in point to show that employers are no losers by adopting the ten hour system. A railroad contractor in that place, whose hands work only ten hours a day, has a job of grading beside another whose hands work on the old plan; the work and pay of the hands being equal—the ten hour contractor will have his job done in *one hundred days' work* less than the other. A similar result is spoken of in one of the Rhode Island papers.

THE MAIL STEAMSHIP COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.—A French paper states that the frigates Darien and Ulloa, of the port of Cherbourg, and the Christopher Columbus and Careda, of the port of Brest, are intended to form the line of communication between France and the United States. Cherbourg is to be the point of departure for these packet boats until the basins of the harbor of Havre shall be able to receive them.

☞ A Secret Society, entitled the "Sons of Liberty," has been organized in Louisville, Ky., and other western cities, for political objects. What it wishes to accomplish, is not stated.

OHIO RIVER.—At Pittsburg, on Tuesday week, four feet water and falling.

Miscellaneous News.

THE END OF POLAND.—Some notice has been taken in the journals of this country of the recent step which the Russian Government has adopted in order to secure its supremacy in Poland and prevent further revolutions. This step consists in the abolition of the long-existing relation between the peasantry and the nobility. This relation, although not one of actual serfdom, has approached it very nearly. The peasantry, whose sole pursuit has from time immemorial been agriculture, have occupied the land of the nobility, paying in lieu of a rent in money, such and such services. Though they have not been so utterly and directly the creatures of the nobility as if they had been serfs, the relation has been exceedingly oppressive and pernicious in every way, and has always prevented the attainment of a true national unity in Poland. These feudal services, and indeed all personal dependence of the lower classes on the nobility, Russia has either abolished or is about to do so, thus gaining over, by the most powerful motives, the great majority of the population. "In this way," says a late *Schnellpost*, speaking of Poland, "the unsuccessful watch-word of the Polish nobles in the last revolution, is employed by Nicholas, with the most refined cunning, to transform the outpost of Europe against Russia into its strongest bulwark; the firmest fetters which the world has ever seen, are here fastened upon the slaves of Russia under the hypocritical pretence of emancipation." We translate from the *Schnellpost* the following paragraphs of the *Cologne Gazette* on the subject:

"The news of the approaching emancipation of the peasants of Poland is a thunder-clap for the friends of the Polish national cause. The ukase is, both in what it commands for the present and what it indicates for the future, a trick of policy which has few equals in history. What in Gallicia could be had only as the fruit of a bloody revolution, is to be brought about in Poland by a wide-reaching legal reform, which morally separates the peasants from the land owners, and introduces the Government as the powerful mediator between the two, though in a peaceful attitude. In the Russian decree the peasantry are spoken of as 'a useful class of the population,' whose 'well being and moral habits' must be protected; 'oppressive obligations and conditions' are not hereafter to be laid upon them; the landlord will no longer be suffered to 'drive them away at his own pleasure,' while on the other hand the agricultural laborer is allowed to leave his place after three months' notice; all feudal services which the law does not justify, are removed; in suits between landlords and peasants a method less 'oppressive' to the latter is to be introduced—and what is certainly no trifle, all this is adopted as preparatory to 'universal provisions, concerning the condition of the peasantry—that is, it is an introduction and prelude to things which are to come hereafter. There is no doubt that the promised 'universal provision' will consist in a definite and most positive system of emancipation. As soon as this reform is realised throughout the Kingdom, we shall in truth have to say 'Finis Poloniæ!' What the revolution of 1831 looked to, the victor over the revolution will accomplish; the result cannot be avoided."—*Chronotype.*

THE VOLUNTEERS.—The Union of Tuesday, speaking of the recent reports of the volunteers from the South being called into service, says:—"We cannot undertake to say what the War Department may think it best to do, and when to act, but we hazard little in saying that no decision has yet been made—no additional volunteers have yet been called out."

YELLOW FEVER.—There were twenty-two deaths in New Orleans by yellow fever during the week ending on the 20th ult.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF MEMORY AND SIGHT.—Rabbi Hersch-Daenemark, whose wonderful memory and sight have produced a great sensation in Russia, France, and Germany, and puzzled the most eminent men of the faculty, made his appearance at Sussex-hall, on Thursday, the 30th ultimo. At a mere glance he exactly told the number of lines on a page, in manuscript or print. In any Hebrew book, or in any other language interspersed with Hebrew words, the rabbi told, without looking in, the words occurring on the line and page being named. A pin being stuck through ever so many leaves, he tells the exact word to which the point of the pin penetrates. This he accomplished in books which some of the audience brought from home with them. Being rather an uneducated man, and not able to read any other language than Hebrew, his extraordinary powers cannot be brought to bear upon any other language. He wears a diamond ring, presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, and a gold watch, by Prince Metternich. The Germans called him "Der Wunder Man," (the man of wonder,) and no one has yet been able to explain his remarkable but undeniable ability of telling that which he does not see, and never has seen before. His demeanor is wild and incoherent, and indicates not the usual soundness of mind.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

Items of News.

PROGRESS OF ANNEXATION.—The idea that England thinks of annexing Norway, is favored by the New York Albion, which says:

"Are they (Canadians) aware that Norway, disliking the Swedish sceptre, would, with small encouragement and the free admission of her timber, unite her destinies with England?"

☞ California rye is cultivated in Georgia. One-eighth of an acre in Tallefiero County, produced 36 bushels. The heads are immensely large, and so heavy that it is necessary to sow the seeds very thick. When the growth is thin, the stalks are prostrated by the weight of the ears. When sown thick they support each other.

DESERTERS.—The admirable skill with which the Mexican artillery was served, has been the subject of comment. It is said that two men who distinguished themselves by the manner in which they served Mexican guns *were deserters from our artillery*. They deserted at Fort Brown. One of them is named Riley.

KEY WEST.—This place may be passed by vessels without their knowing it, on account of the loss of both Sand Key and Key West Light Houses. The light ship in the N. W. will probably in a few days be in her place. Nothing positive is heard from the light ship off Carysfort Reef, but she is thought to be lost.

MISS DIX.—The Columbus correspondent of the Zanesville Courier states that Miss Dix, the celebrated philanthropist, lies dangerously ill at the Lunatic Asylum, but every care and attention is paid to her. Later advices, however, state that she is much improved.

☞ The Hutchinson Family will give their first Concert for the season at the Tabernacle, in New York, on Wednesday evening, November 18th. Their audiences in Boston, Salem, and other places at the East, have filled the largest places that could be procured.

HINT TO WORKING CLASSES.—If a man twenty-one years of age begin to save one dollar per week, and put it to interest every year, he would have at thirty-one years of age, $650; at forty-two years of age, $1,680; at sixty years of age, $6,150; at seventy-one, $11,500.

MORE OF THEM.—The Governor of Kentucky has appointed Thursday, the 26th of November, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving; and the Governor of New Jersey also. This makes twelve States which will observe the same day as a thanksgiving day.

SUPPOSED MAIL ROBBERY.—The Journal of Commerce says that the St. Louis mail of October 1st, has never been received—and it is supposed to have been robbed—making three mails of the first day of the month, from that place that have been robbed.

FURTHER ADVANCE IN COAL.—The dealers have again advanced the price of Anthracite coal fifty cents a ton in New York. This makes an advance of one dollar within about a month. The retail price is now seven dollars a ton of 2,000 lbs.

☞ A valuable bed of iron ore has been discovered in Dodge county, Wisconsin. When analyzed it was found to yield ninety per cent. The deposit in the mine is said to be about thirty feet thick. Its length and breadth has not been ascertained.

GIRLS WANTED.—The Portland Argus says that an agent has been into the county of Franklin, Maine, "drumming up" girls to go to work in the Lowell Factories. This agent has $1 a head for every girl that he sends on.

AFFAIR OF DISHONOR.—A duel was fought at San Antonio, Texas, on the 26th of September, between Lieutenant S. G. Ward and Thomas Yeatman, both from Tennessee. The affair was about a lady. Both were wounded.

THANKSGIVING IN MAINE.—The Governor has issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, the third day of December next, to be observed in Maine as a day of public thanksgiving and praise.

GOVERNOR ROBBED.—The Cincinnati Inquirer says that Governor Corwin was robbed at the Pearl street House, on Tuesday night week, of money amounting to $1,000.

OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION.—A company of comedians in Pittsburg are about commencing theatrical exhibitions, and have already prepared a suitable place.

☞ The Mexican brig-of-war Malek Adhel was captured in the port of Mazatlan by one of our vessels, supposed to be the Sloop-of-War Warren.

CHRISTMAS ON FRIDAY.—Our great holiday falls on Friday this year, and if old writers and legends are to be believed, it signifies a hard winter.

☞ George Kirk, the slave, was finally admitted to his freedom at New York, on Saturday, and the prosecutions on both sides withdrawn.

SANTA ANNA.—One report received at New Orleans is, that Santa Anna had made a forced loan of $2,000,000 from the churches.

☞ The Colliers and Iron Masters of Virginia have held a meeting, and propose to ask for a modification of the new tariff.

☞ The mail is to be carried from London to Liverpool in less than five hours, at the rate of about forty-four miles an hour.

SNOW.—At Burlington, Vt., on Sunday, October 18, the snow was four inches deep, and people rode to church in sleighs.

☞ A million pounds of cheese were exported to Great Britain last week, from New York.

WET FEET.—It should be remembered that colds, coughs, consumption, inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy, and many other fatal disorders, are often the result of catching cold, in consequence of wet feet, damp clothes, night air, &c.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are the best medicine in the world for carrying off a cold, because they *purge* from the system those morbid humors, which, when lodged in the various parts of the body, give rise to every malady incident to man. A single twenty five cent box of said *Indian Vegetable Pills* will not only always afford relief, but will in a majority of cases, make a perfect cure of the most obstinate cold; at the same time, the digestion will be improved, and the blood so completely purified, that all evil consequences resulting from catching cold will be entirely prevented, and the body will be restored to even sounder health than before.
The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT.
Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE OR NO PAY!!!
WOOD STREET, Phila., Oct. 4, 1846.
Dr. Jackson, Dear Sir—I owe an obligation to you and to the world, that I think it my duty to discharge, and it is this, to speak of the great good which has followed the use of your Pile medicine, in my family. It has always been the case with my wife, that for weeks previous, and often subsequently, to her confinement, she has suffered intolerably from that awful complaint the Piles, indeed, she tells me that unless one has been in a similar situation, they can form no idea of her sufferings. The last time, a few weeks ago, they came on as usual, but producing more pain and uneasiness than at any former period if possible—from the recommendation of some of her female friends who had used it, and with my advice she was induced to try a bottle, and suffice it to say, the medicine had the desired effect, it acted like a charm, and she has had no more trouble from the Piles. If you please, you can show this to those who enquire for the Embrocation. Yours respectfully,
R. B. BREGGS.
For sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.—The subscriber has just published a New Map of the Seat of War, show the field of *Gen. Taylor's operations* in Mexico, including a Plan of the City of Monterey. Price 16 copies for $1, in sheets folded. The postage will not exceed 4½ cents per copy to any part of the United States. Orders will receive prompt attention.
S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
May establishment, N. E. corner of Market and 7th streets, Philadelphia. oct 31 3.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Married,

[illegible]

Died,

[illegible]

Bank Note List

[illegible]

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE,
Friends of Morality and a Pure Literature.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PROSPECTUS.

The proprietors of that old and firmly established paper, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, are determined to maintain the reputation it has acquired of being, on the whole,

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A MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

Every week we shall furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—The Prices and Sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THIS IMPORTANT PART OF OUR PAPER TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

NEWS.

Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

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Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

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We shall thus, finally, maintain for the Post the proud title it has acquired of being peculiarly a Family Paper and the Fireside Friend. Always having among its numerous stories, something for each member of the Family—for the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, the Sisters, down even to the younger members of the household.

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[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

BY ELIZABETH B BARRETT.

Love me, sweet, with all that art,
Feeling, thought, seeing,—
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender,
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for constant gleaming!
Taking mine from the skies,
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their life, that fail
Sometimes at frost meeting!
Love me with thine heart, that all
The neighbors does not beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out freely—open minded!
Love me with thy lightening feet,—
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that tunes
Sudden faint silver and!
Love me with thy blush that runs
When I accuse,—or save me!

Love me with thy chiming soul—
Hoark it in love sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world has crowned thee!
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as women do,
Up the woodlands shady!
Love me gaily, frank and true,
As a witnessed lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,—
And for something higher.

Then, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love so feblish,
I will love also—hold a year—
As a man is able.

Pictures of Life.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON, WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND FOR EXPORTATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, (BOZ.)

CHAPTER I.

DOMBEY AND SON.

Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great arm-chair by the bed-side, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket bedstead, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to have him brown while he was very new.

Dombey was about eight-and-forty years of age. Son about eight-and-forty minutes. Dombey was rather bald, rather red, and though his position must have made him somewhat pompous in appearance he was prepossessing. Son was very bald and very red, although (of course) as undeveloped as free trade, somewhat crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet. On the brow of Dombey, Time and his barber Care had set some marks, as on a tree that was to come down in good time—resources twice they are for striking through their human forest, noticing as they go—while the countenance of Son was creased and recrossed with a thousand little curtains, which the same busy Time would take delight in smoothing out and waving away with the fat part of his scythe, as preparation of the surface for his deeper operations.

Dombey, smiting in the long lookout for event, plagiled and plighted the hoary gold watch-chain that depended from below his trim blue coat, whenever the bottom epaulet phosphorescently in the darkle rays of sunset. Son, with his little body inclined up and clenched, seemed, in his feeble way, to be scoring at existence for having come upon him so exaggerating.

"The know will once again. Mrs. Dombey," said Mr. Dombey, "he set only in name but in fact Dombey and Son—hey and Son!"

The words had such a softening influence that he appended a term of endearment to the end. Dombey's tough not without some hesitation, as being a man but little used to that form of address, and said, "Mrs. Dombey and Son, dear!"

A transient flash of faint surprise overspread the sick lady's face as she raised her eyes towards him.

"He will be christened Paul, my—Mrs. Dombey —of course."

The lady echoed "Of course," or rather expressed it by the motion of her lips, and closed her eyes again.

His father's name, Mrs. Dombey, and his grandfather's! I wish his grandfather were alive this day!" And again he said "Dom-bey and Son," in exactly the same tone as before.

Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr Dombey's life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Rivers and seas were formed to float their ships; winds blew for or against their enterprises; stars and planets circled in their orbits, to preserve unbroken a system of which they were the centre. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them. As if no creature with sane Dominic, but stood for sense Dombey—and Son.

He had risen, at his father had before him, in the course of life and death, from Son, to Dombey, and for nearly twenty years had been the sole representative of the firm. Of those years he had been married, one—married, no some said, to his first love, no heart to give him: whose happiness was in the past, and who was consigned to bed broken spirit by the death of the most endurance of the present. Such idle talk was little likely to reach the ears of Mr. Dombey: it never touched or troubled him. Nobody on one in the world would have received it with such utter incredulity as he, if it had reached him. Dombey and Son had often dealt in sudden, but never in hearts. They left that fancy ware to boys and girls, and hoarding-schools and beaks. Mr. Dombey's stock was steadier. That was a matrimonial alliance with himself most, in the nature of things, he gratifying and honorable to any woman of common sense. That the hope of giving birth to a new partner in such a house, could not fail to awaken a glorious and stirring ambition in the breast of the least ambitious of her sex. That Mrs. Dombey had entered on that social contract of matrimony almost unconsciously part of a genteel and wealthy station, even without reference to the perpetuation of family firm, with her eyes fully open to those advantages. That Miss Dombey had duly practical knowledge of his position in society. That Mrs. Dombey had always sat at the head of his table and done the honors to his guests in a remarkably lady-like and becoming manner. That Mrs. Dombey must have been dowdwick. Yes. That he would have allowed. With only one but that one particular word. Son. That word Son had been had ten years and until this present day on which Mr. Dombey sat jiggling and jogging his heavy gold watch-chain at the side of the bed, and had no one.

To speak of, some worth mentioning. There had been a girl some six years before, and the child who had stolen into the chamber unobserved, was now standing timidly in a corner whence she could see her father's face. But what was a girl to Dombey and Son? In the capital of the Honors no such dignity, such a child was merely a piece of base coin that couldn't be invested—a bad Bepo—nothing more.

Mr. Dombey's cup of satisfaction was so full at this moment, however, that he felt he could afford a drop or two of its contents, even to sprinkle on the dust at the top-path of his little daughter.

So he said, "Florence, you may go and look at your pretty brother, if you like, I can say. Don't touch him!"

The child glanced keen; at the blue coal and stiff white curtain, which, with a pair of gambling boots and a very loud tinkling watch, embodied her idea of a father; but her eyes returned to her mother's face immediately, and the mother moved her assurance.

Next moment, the lady had opened her eyes and seen the child; and the child had run towards her, and, standing on tiptoe, spoken to hide her face in her embrace, had clung about her with a deeper zeal than before, and had not been unwilling to be caressed.

"Oh, Lord bless her!" said Mr. Dombey, rising testily, "A very ill advised and feverish proceeding that I am sure! I had better go away. I will not have the goodness to step up stairs again, perhaps. I'll go down. I'll go down. I needn't beg you," he added, pausing at the door to look back before the fire, "to take particular care of this young gentleman, Mrs. ——"

"Richards?" I suggested the nurse, a simpering piece of faded gentility, who did not presume to state her name as a fact, but merely stated it as a mild suggestion.

"Of this young gentleman, Mrs. Blockit!"

"No, sir, indeed. I remember when Miss Florence was born——"

"Ay, ay, ay," said Mr. Dombey, bending over the basket bedstead, and slightly bending his brows at the same time. "May Florence was all very well, but this is another matter. This young gentleman has to accomplish a destiny. A destiny, little fellow?" As he thus apostrophized the infant, he raised one of his hands to his lips, and kissed it; then, seeming to fear that the action involved some compromise of his dignity, went, awkwardly enough, away.

Doctor Parker Pepa, one of the Court Physicians, and a man of immense reputation for assisting at the increase of great families, was walking up and down the room with one hand behind his coat, looking with unspeakable admiration of the family footgoer, who had regularly pulled the case for the last six weeks, among all his other patients, friends, and acquaintances, as one in which he was in heavily expectation, day and night, of being summoned in conjunction with Doctor Parker Pepa.

"Well, sir," said Doctor Parker Pepa, in a round, deep, sonorous voice, muffled for the occasion, "I am the knocker, 'do you find that your dear lady is at all roused by your visit?'"

"Stimulated, sir, we were," said the family practitioner faintly, bowing at the same time to the Doctor, as much as to say, "Excuse my putting in a word, but this is a valuable connection."

Mr. Dombey was quite discomfited by the question. He had thought so little of the patient, that he was not in a condition to him. He was sorry, and that it would be a satisfaction to him, if Doctor Parker Pepa would walk up stairs again.

"Good! We must not disguise from you, sir," said Doctor Parker Pepa, "that there is a want of nerve in her frame. The feminine—I beg your pardon: I confound names; I should say, in the sensible lady. That there is a certain degree of languor, and a general absence of elasticity, which we would rather——not——"

"See," said the family practitioner, with an other inclination of the head.

"Quite so," said Doctor Parker Pepa, "which we would rather not see. It would appear that the system of Lady Cuttaby—excuse me if I should say of Mrs. Dombey. I confine the matter of course——"

"No very nauseous," murmured the family practitioner——

"Quite so," assented the Doctor—and vigorous mother. Mr. Pilkins, I believe, his position of medical adviser in this family—no one better qualified to fill that position, I am sure."

"You know we uncompromising," no very wide across the chest; so upright! A pecuniary Duke of York, my love, and nothing short of it!" said Miss Tox. Mr. Dombey looked displeased again.

"Why my dear Paul?" exclaimed his sister as he returned, "you look quite pale! There's nothing the matter?"

"I am sorry to say, Louisa, that they tell me that Farmer——"

"Now my dear Paul," returned his sister, rising, "don't believe it. If you have any reliance on my experience, Paul, you may rest assured that there is nothing wanting but an effort on Fanny's part. And that effort," she continued, taking off her bonnet, and adjusting her cap and glancing at herself in a mantor, "she must be encouraged, and really, if necessary, urged to make. Now my dear Paul, come, you must not——"

Mr. Dombey, who besides being generally influenced by his sister for the reason already mentioned, had hardly talk to her on any other terms, upon to make a vigorous effort in the instance, and that of our interesting friend the Countess of Domsey—I beg your pardon: Mrs. Dombey—should not be——

"Able," said the family practitioner.

"To make that effort successfully," said Doctor Parker Pepa, "I think you might now attempt with safety."

With that they stood for a few seconds looking on the cups with the air of connoisseurs, and dumb show—of Doctor Parker Pepa they went on to stairs, the family practitioner opening the room door to let him pass, and finally shutting it, and following him out, with most obsequious politeness.

To record of Mr. Dombey that he was out in his way affected by this departure, would be to attribute to him an injustice. He was not a man at whom it could promptly be said that he was surprised or shocked; but he certainly had a sense within him that if he who should scream and decay, he would be the man. He should find a something wanting, gone from among his plate and furniture, and other household possessions, which was well worth the having, and could not be lost without answer to get. Though it would be a loss without answer to him injustice. He was not a man at whom it could promptly be said that he would be surprised or shocked; but he certainly had a sense within him that if his wife should scream and decay, he would be the man. He should find a something wanting, gone from among his plate and furniture, and other household possessions, which was well worth the having, and could not be lost without answer to get. Though it would be a loss without answer to him.

There was such a solemn stillness round the bed and the whole premises attendant upon the event, the expansive form with as much compassion and so little hope, that Mrs. Chick was for the moment roused from her state of stupefaction by the unaccustomed exercise, and what she called presence of mind, she sat down by the bedside, and said in a whisper to the effect of one who endeavors to awaken a sleeper

"Fanny! Fanny!"

There was no sound in answer but the loud ticking of Mr. Dombey's watch and Doctor Parker Pepa's watch, which seemed in the silence to be measuring a race.

"Fanny, my dear," said Mrs. Chick, with assumed lightness, "here's Louisa, Louisa Tox, sitting down, and taking out her pocket-handkerchief, "but let's—let's such a perfect Dombey! I never saw anything like her, I declare!"

"But what is this about Fanny, herself?" said Mr Dombey "How is Fanny?"

She best her ear to the bed, "Louisa, "it's nothing whatever. Take my word, it's nothing whatever. There is exhaustion, certainly, but nothing like what I consider danger. Fanny, my love, you're not frightened, are you? Fanny! I don't hear you."

No word or sound in answer. Mr. Dombey's watch and Dr. Parker Pepa's watch seemed to be racing faster.

"Fanny, my family Fanny, my dear," said the sister-in-law, altering her position, and speaking less confidently, and more earnestly, in spite of herself, "I shall have to be quite cross with you, if you don't rouse yourself. It's necessary for you to make an effort, and perhaps a very great and painful effort which you are not conscious of making, but a world of effort you know, Fanny, and we must never yield, when so much depends upon us. Come! You're really very ill indeed, you know!"

The race in the evening pause was fierce and furious. The watches seemed to jostle and to trip each other up.

"Fanny!" said Louisa, glancing round with a frightened shiver. "Only look at me. Only open your eyes to show me that you hear and understand me; will you? Good Heaven, gentlemen, what is to be done!"

The two medical attendants exchanged a look across the bed; and the physician, stooping down, whispered in the ear of the nurse, who immediately stood the purport of his whisper, the little creature turned her perfectly colorless face, and dark eyes towards him, but without loosening her hold in the least.

The whisper was repeated.

"Mamma?" said the child, sobbing aloud. "Oh dear mamma! oh dear mamma!"

The doctor put his finger on the scattered ringlets of the child, aside from the face and mouth of the mother. Alas how calm they lay there, how little anger! how much peace!

Then, clinging fast to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round the world.

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH TIMELY SUGGESTION IS MADE FOR AN EMERGENCY THAT WILL SOMETIMES ARISE ON THE MOST REGULATED FAMILIES.

"I shall never cease to congratulate myself," said Mrs. Chick, "on having said, when I little thought what was in store for us,—really as if I was inspired by something,—that I forgave poor dear Fanny everything. Whatever happens, that must always be a comfort to me!"

Mrs. Chick made that impressive observation in the drawing-room, after having descended thither from the inspection of the Marine Mansion up-stairs, who were busy on the family morning. She declared it for the behest of Mrs. Chick, who was a stout bald gentleman, with a very large face, and his hands continually in his pockets, and who had a tendency to be jocular on vehicle and fare matters, which, sensible of the inducement of such sounds in a house of grief, he was at some pains to repress at all times.

"I am sure," said Miss Tox, with a prodigious curtsey, "that to have the honor of being presented to Mr. Dombey's godmother (which I have long sought, but very little expected at the present moment) will be a proud day for me."

Mrs. Chick turned to Miss Tox's hand in haste, rested the foot of her wine-glass upon it, regretted a tear, and said in a low voice "Bless you!"

"My dear Louisa then," said Miss Tox, "my sweet friend, how are you now?"

"Better," Mrs. Chick returned. "Take some wine. You have been almost as anxious as I have been, and must want it, I am sure."

Mr. Dombey of course officiated.

"Miss Tox, Paul," pursued Mrs. Chick, still retaining her hand, "knowing how much I have been interested in the anticipation of the event of to-day, has been working at a little gift for Fanny, which I promised to present. It is only a pincushion for the toilette table, Paul, but I do assure you it is the sort most say, that Miss Tox has very prettily adopted the sentiment to the occasion. I call 'Wilderness of Sweets.'"

"Is that the device?" inquired her brother.

"That is the device," returned Louisa.

"But de me the justice to remember, my dear Louisa," said Miss Tox in a tone of law and earnest entreaty, "that nothing but—I have some—really in expressing myself—the dubiousness of the result would have induced me to take so great a liberty: Welcome, Master Dombey, would have been much more congenial to my feelings, as I am sure you know. But the uncertainty attendant on all such strangers, will, I hope, excuse what must otherwise appear an unwarrantable familiarity."

Miss Tox made a graceful bend as she spoke, in favor of Mr. Dombey, which that gentleman graciously acknowledged. Even the sort of recognition of Dombey and Son, conveyed in the foregoing conversation, was so palatable to him, that he felt and that it would be a satisfaction to him, if Doctor Parker Pepa would walk up stairs again.

"Good! We must not disguise from you, sir," said Doctor Parker Pepa, "that there is a want of nerve in her frame. The feminine—I beg your pardon: I confound names; I should say, in the sensible lady. That there is a certain degree of languor, and a general absence of elasticity, which we would rather——not——"

"See," said the family practitioner, with an other inclination of the head.

"Quite so," said Doctor Parker Pepa, "which we would rather not see. It would appear that the system of Lady Cuttaby—excuse me if I should say of Mrs. Dombey. I confine the matter of course——"

"No very nauseous," murmured the family practitioner——"can't be expected, I'm sure—quite wonderful if otherwise—Doctor Parker Pepa's Wednesday afternoon——"

"Thank you," said the Doctor, "quite so. It would appear, I was observing, that the system of your patient has attained a shock, from which I can only hope to rally by a great and strong——

"And vigorous," murmured the family practitioner.

"Quite so," assented the Doctor—and vigorous mother. Mr. Pilkins, I believe, his position of medical adviser in this family—no one better qualified to fill that position, I am sure."

"You are good enough," returned Doctor Parker Pepa, "to say so. Mr. Pilkins, from his position, is best acquainted with the patient's constitution as in sound state (an acquaintance very value ble to an increasing experience on these occasions). I am sorry to say, that Nature must be called upon to make a vigorous effort in the instance, and that if our interesting friend the Countess of Dombey—I beg your pardon: Mrs. Dombey—should not be——

"Able," said the family practitioner.

"To make that effort successfully," said Doctor Parker Pepa, "I think you might now attempt with safety."

With that they stood for a few seconds looking on the cups with the air of connoisseurs, and dumb show—of Doctor Parker Pepa they went on to stairs, the family practitioner opening the room door to let him pass, and finally shutting it, and following him out, with most obsequious politeness.

To record of Mr. Dombey that he was out in his way affected by this departure, would be to attribute to him an injustice. He was not a man at whom it could promptly be said that he was surprised or shocked; but he certainly had a sense within him that if his wife should scream and decay, he would be the man. He should find a something wanting, gone from among his plate and furniture, and other household possessions, which was well worth the having, and could not be lost without answer to get. Though it would be a loss without answer to him.

Restless without the little girl, the Doctor having, and could not be lost without answer to get. Though it would be a loss without answer to him.

There was such a solemn stillness round the bed and the whole premises attendant upon the event, the expansive form with as much compassion and so little hope, that Mrs. Chick was for the moment roused from her state of stupefaction by the unaccustomed exercise, and what she called presence of mind, she sat down by the bedside, and said in a whisper to the effect of one who endeavors to awaken a sleeper

"Fanny! Fanny!"

There was no sound in answer but the loud ticking of Mr. Dombey's watch and Doctor Parker Pepa's watch, which seemed in the silence to be measuring a race.

"Fanny, my dear," said Mrs. Chick, with assumed lightness, "here's Louisa, sitting down, and taking out her pocket-handkerchief, "but let's—let's such a perfect Dombey! I never saw anything like her, I declare!"

"But what is this about Fanny, herself?" said Mr Dombey "How is Fanny?"

She best her ear to the bed, "Louisa, "it's nothing whatever. Take my word, it's nothing whatever. There is exhaustion, certainly, but nothing like what I consider danger. Fanny, my love, you're not frightened, are you? Fanny! I don't hear you."

No word or sound in answer. Mr. Dombey's watch and Dr. Parker Pepa's watch seemed to be racing faster.

"Fanny, my family Fanny, my dear," said the sister-in-law, altering her position, and speaking less confidently, and more earnestly, in spite of herself, "I shall have to be quite cross with you, if you don't rouse yourself. It's necessary for you to make an effort, and perhaps a very great and painful effort which you are not conscious of making, but a world of effort you know, Fanny, and we must never yield, when so much depends upon us. Come! You're really very ill indeed, you know!"

The race in the evening pause was fierce and furious. The watches seemed to jostle and to trip each other up.

"Fanny!" said Louisa, glancing round with a frightened shiver. "Only look at me. Only open your eyes to show me that you hear and understand me; will you? Good Heaven, gentlemen, what is to be done!"

The two medical attendants exchanged a look across the bed; and the physician, stooping down, whispered in the ear of the nurse, who immediately stood the purport of his whisper, the little creature turned her perfectly colorless face, and dark eyes towards him, but without loosening her hold in the least.

The whisper was repeated.

"Mamma?" said the child, sobbing aloud. "Oh dear mamma! oh dear mamma!"

The doctor put his finger on the scattered ringlets of the child, aside from the face and mouth of the mother. Alas how calm they lay there, how little anger! how much peace!

Then, clinging fast to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round the world.

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH TIMELY SUGGESTION IS MADE FOR AN EMERGENCY THAT WILL SOMETIMES ARISE ON THE MOST REGULATED FAMILIES.

"I shall never cease to congratulate myself," said Mrs. Chick, "on having said, when I little thought what was in store for us,—really as if I was inspired by something,—that I forgave poor dear Fanny everything. Whatever happens, that must always be a comfort to me!"

Mrs. Chick made that impressive observation in

A Sweet Poem.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

BY C. CLEMENT.

With a little basket on her arm,
To sell the proffered store,
Each morning finds a Beggar Girl, low tapping at the door.

And there she stands with wistful look, yet silent all the while,
And when she takes the pittance small, for alms she cannot smile.

Her father lived a drunkard's life, and perished in the end;
And now her mother's sick and faint, beneath her load of grief,
And so she comes with down cast eye, and visage white with grief.

With all the power of pictured Want, meekly is she relief.

Though clad in garments thin and torn, they're always neat and clean,
And something in her was pale face, so mournfully is seen,

That Pity marks the path she takes, and lays on door and step
Cold silver, as you view from it, the harvest from the crumbs of bread.

To weigh her down with charities, and bid her hopes expand;
And while heads of earthly goods, those treasures is secure,
Oh, all that poor young heart of hers, with "riches that endure."

Agricultural.

THE MOON DEFENDED.

MR. EDITOR.—Longer forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and when again in your last paper my old friend, Mr. Sam Slick, attacks the moon, I shall feel myself called upon to vindicate her character. I feel confident I shall come to my rescue.

Your correspondent says: "That the moon can produce any perceptible influence on crops, or deserves the slightest regard in their sowing or planting, is a notion at which no philosophers of it can tracy to fact."

Now as regards the fact of the case, we will say nothing at this time, as these is very conflicting testimony in the case. It is the "philosophy" which we propose briefly to discuss. And in the first place, that the moon has a tremendous influence upon the surface of the ocean, no man can doubt, who he sees its mighty bosom rise in some places more than a hundred feet in obedience to her command, and this phenomenon perpetually occurring at regular periods and I have yet to learn that law of attraction by which the land would be less operated upon than the ocean.

Nor is the moon alone concerned in this effect, but the sun lends no small degree of assistance. And it is from that fact that I propose to show that it is not "idle in philosophy to suppose that the moon, in her waxing and waning, may have an influence upon the earth.

Not that I think the circumstance of the change of its luminous surface, as it is presented to us, has any effect, but its relative position with the sun, independent of its waxing and waning. Now I would ask, my friend, the Yankee schoolmaster, if when it is in conjunction with the sun, their united attraction must make terrestial objects lighter upon that side of the earth than at any meridian. And again at full moon or when they are in opposition, their attraction operates in opposite directions, consequently the objects must be heavier, or in other words, their attractions towards the centre of the earth will be less in full moon.

We have now only spoken of the varying influence the moon has upon the gravity of bodies, which may exist in the form of solids, and may affect upon the nervous system of Nature, viz: Those fluids that, and be, and why not?

Dear Heaven! why not? Why not? Why not?

He means his father, rapidly ascends, and the world's sweet inclination.

Now wasps! in clouds engaged by human eyes, Now wasps! in clouds engaged by human eyes,

But now a bull and bull be late fall down,

Where is the Power when the candle went out?

As such to be our, in these the length of time,

The ball was failing from the bright embrace,

Where is the Power when the candle went out?

Or how for wearing from the earthly spot.

Birmingham. H. M.

RIDDLE.

In every hedge it's sweet to see,
As well as every tree,
And when your school days set sister
I think it is most dear.

My fear, most strange! is always white,
Yet never committed sin;
My metal for a coin is used,
I composed of brass or tin.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why must sailor a that, whose has gun the size of snuff box?

Where did the wife of Endor live?

Why is a soldier in battle like a dreamer?

Where was Peter when the candle went out?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST

ENIGMA.
GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY

CHARADE.
THEN LOVE.

PUZZLE.
TOBACCO

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
A had 146 Yankee dollars.
B = 146 3567 = 520,782 =

25 difference at par.

CONUNDRUMS
A MASTER MARINER HAS OFTEN TO TAKE, WITH STEEL LOCKS.
He is in search of.
TO CHOOSE HIS HEAD.

Fun and Frolic.

COMICALITIES.

"A new broom sweeps clean" as the widow said when her new husband ran off with all her money.

"I am no ice ballooned at thine," as the cripple said when the lame man offered him his crutches.

"I hope I have given satisfaction," as the pistol ball said to the wounded duelist.

"I'm getting up in the world" as the shad said when frozen out of the market.

"I don't speak all at once," as the contractor said to his deaf and dumb pupil.

"Hail! wedded love, as the man said to his wife when she seized him what was breaking the windows.

That motion is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said, when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

"I am very hard pushed these times," as the schoolmaster said when going up hill with a load of stones.

An Irishman's Description of a Starving Tailor.—And what's the matter now, Patrick? Faith, I'll not be after knowing, but he's gone to Connaught. There 'tint the like o' what I am, in Ireland and no where else. I'm thinkin—the rotting and a kiver on his body, and when he can no more he shall be swallowed it directly, and when he walked he crawled stract on his belly.

Queer Calculation.—The Editor of the Yankee Blade says:—"It would be a curious sight to see all the babies in the United States, under five years old, together, they would make a pretty lot of collection of babyhood. What a squall there would be should they all cry out at the same time, and what a heap of sugar plums it would take to quiet them."

A Queer We—Dominicus, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV, at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his sort of joke, said to him, "Dominicus, you have the partridges, too, sire!" Louis, penetrating into the motives of the question, replied, "And the partridge, too." The dish was gold.

Beat as Authority.—An Irish Attorney, who died poor, was buried by a shilling subscription. Some one asked Corran for his shilling.

"For what?" he exclaimed.

"To bury an Attorney."

"Here, take this pound note, and bury twenty of them at a shilling a head."

Knee.—A person threw the head of a goose upon the stage of the Belleville theatre. Cat-calls, allusions to the feast, said: "Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it on the conclusion of the performance.

A Lady's Age.—The New York Mercury tells of an acquaintance who asked another how old he thought Miss E. was. "I don't know her age exactly," he replied; "she says from seventeen to twenty-five."

EF An Irishman and a Yankee met at a lecture, and fell into conversation about the comparative merits of the Yankee said he did not know which side of the bed he took. "Then," said Pat, "you may take the side next to me."

EF An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, "Faith, I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

EF A man down East has invented pallor operation for making bad look like butter. They are a great saving on expense, it wears while eating.

EF An Irishman making love to a lady of great fortune told her he could not sleep for dreaming of her.

The Romans and Tartars make with the whey of their manner with it, making and fermenting liquor, which they call Koumis, and also vinegar by suffering that substance to pass from the vinous to the acetous fermentation.

Good vinegar is one of the necessary luxuries of the table, and with a little care it is always available by those who have apple orchards and cider at their own, and ought to be more generally supplied in the market than it is. Even since a cask of good vinegar is procured, there need be no difficulty in keeping it filled with that of the same quality. The farmer should put away a small portion in convenient casks under cover, with the bung hole open to admit the air, and let it gradually undergo the necessary fermentation. If the casks are frequently shaken, and their contents gradually drawn from one to another, the process is hastened. Mix nothing with it; let it be the pure cider. Draw from the hogshead to a barrel, and from the barrel to a five gallon keg, and from that again for the table. The latter should be kept always full to contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, which will be more speedily sharpen it. Keep filling the kegs, and the barrel and hogshead. Cider is ripe for vinegar in about four weeks, and the housewife need never spend another dollar for that article, but may have her pickles, and mine best his cabbage, for lack of good vinegar.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

Sponge Cake.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of flour; eight eggs; one teaspoonful of essence of lemon or rose water, and half a nutmeg grated.

Beat the yolks of the eggs, and sugar, and flour together; add the whites which have been beaten to a high froth when just ready for the oven.

Better some square tin pans and put in the cake, than to have it more than an inch deep.

Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes when cold, and frosted.

Sweet Sponge Cake.—Five eggs, half a pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of flour; mix as above directed. Sweet shell tins and bake in a quick oven.

Molasses Cake.—Eight eggs and a pound of powdered sugar; beat them well together, then add a degree of molasses if like dark cake, or two ounces of caraway seeds, and bake in a quick oven.

Dyer Bread.—One pound of flour one pound of sugar, and nine eggs; flavor as directed for sponge cake.

New Year's Cake.—Seven pounds of flour, ten pounds and a half of sugar, five pounds of butter, and a pint of water, with a teaspoonful of volatile salts dissolved in it. Work the paste well, roll it out in sheets, and cut with a tumbler or wine glass; lay them on tin plates in a quick oven, see before mentioned.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A wretch who spares if the extreme pain below,
To Heaven above by other means would go;
Now if he should not, and he only will
The means his father, and the search's sword;
Those Heaven that, and he, and why not!
Now if he should not, and he only will
The means his father, rapidly ascends,
And the world's sweet inclination.

Now wasps! in clouds engaged by human eyes,
Now wasps! in clouds engaged by human eyes,

But now a bull and bull be late fall down,

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RIDDLE.

In every hedge it's sweet to see,
As well as every tree,
And when your school days set sister
I think it is most dear.

My fear, most strange! is always white,
Yet never committed sin;
My metal for a coin is used,
I composed of brass or tin.

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The Olio.

FLORINE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Come hither, pet with little curls—the way
With your mischievous smile and your saucy play
Would win the coldest heart to you, my merry fairy queen!
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine!

Did you beg of a shell, here, the blush on your lip
Did you ask a pearl, here, the tear in your eye
Did you coax from the clouds of a sunset sky
Those tints of green fadeless to the sun,
And you leave of a lute, or a bird, or a nil.
The ravishing tones that melt sadness thrill?
Or the light heart warbling that I call mine?
For you know not the charms of your beauty, Florine!

Beautiful Contradiction.—In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, the latter said of Walter Landor, in the following passage

"The change of autumn sick into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and inscensibly are we, as years close round us, betrayed by the body to take by the gentle process of recorded sorrows."

EF The English people are now very much engaged with the collossal statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Wyatt.

Inscription for the Washington Monument

The rulers of the Danes, and the lovers
Of the isle of the Saxons, and the Britons,
And the house is the son of a son.

For the Duke of the Franks's cannon

The Last Yankee Notion.—There is a clock travelling in Connecticut, who has fitted up a large double waggon into a sort of saloon, with a stove, cooking apparatus, and a gong about like a telegraph, calling at houses and taking potatoes and corn, and so he can feed customers.

Mrs Lyle Cate.—Some men are like cats. You may attempt the for the night way for years and bear nothing but purring, but accidentally tread on a tail, and all economy of fortune acts of kindness is obliterated.

Insurance Sec.—An Albany boy, fourteen years of age, has in two years past cut' with a common jack knife, a representation of Noah's Ark, and one hundred and fifty of its inhabitants: man, beast, fowl, and reptile, on wood.